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To Dick

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From Dick

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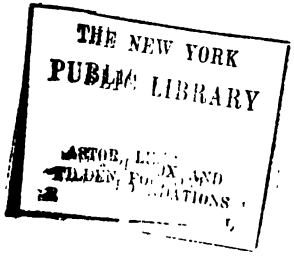

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THE CHALLENGE.

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The Matterhorn

THE challenge of the Matterhorn is arrogant and haughty. Towering for ages in its icy and unconquered inaccessibility far above the clouds, it seemed to say, "Go your way, creeper over the crust of the earth; you have nothing to do with my far heights and purer air."

Finally the pigmy triumphed. He put its topmost stone beneath his creeping feet, and others followed; but the cruel crag has taken toll of more than twenty lives for their temerity.

Riding up the valley of the Visp, as one rounds the angle of an interposing hill, directly in front of him towers the solitary monolith, a massive monument that tells of the immensity of this Alp range in Mesozoic time.

The average traveler comes to Zermatt with about as much intention of attempting the moon as the Matterhorn. He has read how for centuries its precipitous sides defied every effort of man to gain the summit, of the lives that have been dashed out upon its icy rocks, and until he comes under its mighty spell, he feels no inclination to risk either his neck or his reputation for common sense in an undertaking so laborious and full of peril.

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Arrived at his hotel, at dinner he hears a sunburnt young curate on his left incidentally allude to the fine view he had from the top of the Matterhorn yesterday morning; the new arrival darts a side-long glance at the slight frame of the speaker and wonders if he has heard aright. The remark attracts no unusual attention, however, and soon the table is left for the front piazza of the house. Directly a party of five men, equipped with knapsacks, ropes, ice-axes, and all the requisite Alpine paraphernalia are seen to pass, and he learns that they are bound for the Matterhorn.

The force of example is a powerful thing. Evidently the ascent of this dangerous peak is not such an uncommon event after all. The newcomer gazes up at the lofty head of the majestic mountain, feels creeping over him an ambition to stand on this grand pinnacle and determines to investigate. He finds that men are going up every week, that in consequence of chains and ropes having been fastened to the rocks at the most dangerous precipices, the ascent may now be made with comparative safety—that even two or three intrepid women have been taken to the top and (what is more dangerous) down again by the careful guides who make the Matterhorn their specialty.

Requesting the proprietor to send him a good guide, when he appears, he learns that he has made the ascent forty-eight times; it is surprising, but the man's quiet, honest face prevents all doubt of

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The Matterhorn.

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his veracity. The time necessary for the trip is two days, and the expense, including the pay of two guides and a porter, from sixty to sixty-five dollars. The incipient mountaineer is apt to think that there is rather too close an analogy between the steepness of the ascent and the price, *but the mountain has called!*—so the contract is made, soles and heels are filled full of hobnails, outfit purchased and everything put in readiness for an early start the next morning.

The form of the Matterhorn is substantially a three-sided pyramid and its three planes are so precipitous that the only possible access to its summit is near the sharp, ragged arête or junction of two surfaces. The ascent may be made from the south-east corner in Italy, but the better way lies up the north edge that is approached from Zermatt. It was along this latter route that the morning of August fourth found us following our guides toward the peak that towered above us 9,399 feet. The total height of this mountain above sea-level is 14,718 feet, but the little village from which we start has itself an elevation of 5,319 feet.

At ten o'clock the base of the Hörnli Ridge is reached, and here the path leads along the top of a huge moraine thrown up by the Furgen glacier that crowds along the eastern base of the Matterhorn. Soon the moraine is left and the real work on the rocky arête begins. The steady climb continues until one o'clock, the new cabin (a small stone hut for the convenience of climbers) is reached, and here a halt

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is called and the welcome lunch baskets absorb all attention.

Above the cabin the edge becomes so overhanging as to render further progress in that direction impossible; this necessitates a wide detour around on the east side along the edge of a snow slope and up a sheer precipice till the obstruction is passed. This difficult way brings the rope into requisition, which we now must wear till this spot is reached on the return, and we stand in line while the head guide, having firmly knotted one end around his own body, secures each of the four in the same way. Fifteen feet of rope is left between each man, thus extending the line for some sixty feet.

Very little snow will adhere to the sides of this mountain, but near the foot where the slope begins to be less abrupt the constantly sliding snow has left a sharp, thin coat which, plastered up on the incline, gives the impression of a receding wave that has just broken against a giant cliff. It is along the upper edge of this frigid breaker, close under the mighty wall, that the way now lies toward the point where it can be scaled. Steps must be chosen and cut with care, for the smooth surface of the rock on the right affords no hold, the crest along which we pass is not twelve inches wide, and down on the left is a rare chance to roll for a thousand feet.

At length the eastern Couloir is reached, and the leader, scrambling up to the first shelf by dint of hard usage of hands, elbows, knees and toes, pulls up

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the second and starts for another point, ten feet above the first, while those behind follow on by the law of mutual help. It is singular what confidence one has when bound to four other stout men. The knowledge that if he falls, ready arms will be stretched to save him, makes him cooler and steadier by fifty per cent., nor does the probability that his falling weight would pull all the rest after him, diminish his confidence, so easy is it to believe what is most favorable to the case. Thus he leaps chasms and climbs perpendicular cliffs with nerves as quiet as though he walked his own floor.

The work goes steadily on in the regular succession of climbing and hauling, sometimes creeping on all fours under a jutting crag that bars the way, and again working up the wall with the heels of the man above just clearing your head. Very little conversation is indulged in and no enthusiasm wasted over matchless scenery, although a glance over the shoulder reveals a panorama of unspeakable grandeur to the south and east; this is reserved for the summit, the present is occupied with the serious business of getting there, and it demands that every faculty shall be concentrated on where next to place the hand or foot.

At 4.30 the party comes to a rope hanging from a perpendicular height of twenty feet, and climbing up by its aid, the old cabin is reached where we are to pass the night. This little hut is *sui generis*. The guides have erected a wall around the largest shelf

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they could find on this side of the mountain, have built a roof over it and thus have a shelter about nine feet long, six feet wide and five feet high. Cramped quarters indeed for five men, but no one goes up the Matterhorn expecting comfort, so chocolate is made and lunch eaten with appetites sharpened by the long climb and keen mountain air.

It is difficult to imagine amid what sort of surroundings this little eyrie is perched. It is 12,498 feet above the sea, and two-thirds of the way up a mountain wall 4,000 feet in height, so precipitous that a rock dislodged from the shelf goes thundering down the whole descent and plunges into the glacier far below.

At 8 o'clock, according to agreement, we kindled a little signal fire, and immediately afar down in the valley, 7,181 feet beneath us, Zermatt answered us with cheering blazes from two hotels, telling of the friends who were watching for our lone mountain light. The ice on the floor was two feet thick, but two blankets decrease the discomfort enough to allow a little sleep, and at 3.30 in the gray dawn we willingly leave the cold shelter, and once more all faces are set toward the summit.

Ever since the snow border was left for the rocks the course has led gradually back to the ragged arête, and in a half-hour it is again reached and the precipitous wall is gladly left for the safer climbing of the rocky ridge. Soon we reach a place where knapsacks, coats, flasks—everything but the clothing worn, rope and ice-axes—are left, for we near the

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The Summit.

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summit, where is the most dangerous spot of the ascent, called the snow shoulder; this is a plane of snow, frozen solid, tipped at an angle of forty-five degrees and ending in a sheer precipice of over four thousand feet. It is over this northwest side that four men of the Whymper party fell in 1865. The worst part is only for about forty feet, however, and as our line is sixty, we feel confident of secure anchorage at each end.

The ice-axes ring. The large footholds are cut, and slowly and in safety the shoulder is passed. Directly overhead towers the liberty cap, the last cliff to be surmounted. This is the steepest to climb of the whole ascent, but it is also the easiest, for a rope or chain, in some places both, are fixed to the rocks, and it is a mere question of hand-over-hand climbing. A final scramble over a few rocks, and we stand on the summit of the Matterhorn at 6.30 on the morning of August fifth.

Was it worth the toil? It certainly was. The scenery from the top of this huge splinter is simply indescribable. Mont Blanc greets us on the west, the Obernese Alps beyond the Rhone on the north, Monte Rosa on the east. The frozen contortions of twenty glaciers are displayed almost under our feet, and the white mountain torrents that rush from beneath them can be followed from the regions of ice and snow far down into the green fields of the valleys. Around and below us are the peaks of Castor and

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Pollux, Lyskamm, Breithorn, Rothhorn, Dent Blanch, and Weisshorn. On this lofty spire the whole world seems to spread out before us.

But the keen air blows fresher, and on this sharp summit there is not even the poor shelter of a hut, so one last look is taken in the hope to photograph this grand sweep of landscape upon the memory, and we prepare for the long labor of the descent.

The guides dig a bottle out of the snow, cards are doubled up and shoved through the narrow neck to join others in this unique register, and the word is given to start. Down we go, over the ropes, across the doubtful snow shoulder, and over the rocky arch to the little cabin on the shelf; then step by step we are lowered by the careful guides down the difficult side wall, and through the couloir, which proved a harder test to the muscles than the ascent.

After steady work of about nine hours Zermatt is reached, with an experience behind us that will dwell in the memory for years—and for hours in each quadriceps extensor. A word of thanks is due to the chief guide, Peter Knubel, and through him to the two others, to whose caution and skill we must attribute our constant sense of security in the most trying portions of the ascent.

The above happened twenty odd years ago, when a college lad and his father went climbing in the Alps.

When two of my own boys were old enough, we resolved to repeat the same program.

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Peter Truffer. Peter Knubel.
Two Veteran Matterhorn Guides.

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It was a great pleasure to find in Zermatt, Peter Knubel and Peter Truffer, the two guides of the former ascent, now old and feeble, but who remembered perfectly "den alten und den jungen Herrn" of so many years ago. Alas! there was no need to ask them if they were active cragsmen still. The first ascent of the Matterhorn was the disastrous one of the Whymper party in 1865, and Peter Knubel was a guide in the first party to make the ascent from Zermatt, after that catastrophe. This was in 1868, and for over thirty years these two old veterans have braved the dangers of this noble peak.

It was a saddening sight to see them so changed from the powerful, rugged mountaineers they once were. They are the modest, unassuming heroes of a thousand hairbreadth escapes from icy precipice, yawning crevasse and avalanche of rocks or snow, now wandering aimlessly about the village; and as they turned their dim eyes toward those mighty cliffs they had so often scaled, I wondered if they were not unconsciously feeling the protest of the old Scotch fisherman's lament:

"An I'm ower auld to fish any more,
So I ha'na the chance to droon."

We left the new cabin above the Hörnli one beautiful morning, climbed around on to the Eastern side, worked up through the couloir and came out upon the easier grades of the broad face of the mountain. It was a perfect day, but there had been recent snow

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that made the holds more uncertain than usual. Nevertheless, all went well until, just before we got to the snow shoulder, one of the party began to be distressed by the rarity of the atmosphere. A halt was promptly called, and a rest of half an hour resulted in such an improvement that it was considered safe to continue.

We had passed the snow shoulder, which has an elevation of fourteen thousand feet, and were high up on the last cliff, when the mountain sickness again attacked the unlucky one, this time with greater violence.

We were in a bad place; we were just about where Mr. Haddow slipped, and beneath us yawned the abyss into which Lord Douglas fell and was never found; to attempt to finish the final two or three hundred feet with a sick man would have been foolhardy beyond excuse, so the order was given to get back to the snow shoulder, and slowly, inch by inch, we worked down to temporary safety.

Here a long rest somewhat restored the strength of the sufferer and the descent was resumed. Every foot of retreat from the regions of thin air brought improvement, and by the time we were half-way down, the recovery was complete.

We neared the couloir. This is a great gully in the Eastern face of the mountain, toward which a large area concaves upon either side. There is a section of two or three hundred feet through which it is necessary to pass, where the climber is exposed to possible danger from falling rocks, but they fall so

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infrequently that they are not considered to be an imminent peril. When these rock avalanches do take place, it is generally late in the afternoon when the sun has melted the ice and released some loosened stones. The exposed portion is almost perpendicular and the climber is often swinging in the air while the guide carefully pays out the rope from above.

We were descending this section in couples, a guide to each, and were half-way down when Taugwalder, my guide and the last man, gave a warning cry.

From far above came a rumbling sound that told us but too well that a fall of rocks had begun. Shouting to those below to get to cover, we flattened ourselves into the nearest shallow crevice, and with eyes strained aloft, ready to duck and dodge, awaited the coming cannonade.

For a few seconds nothing was to be seen on account of the irregular course of the couloir, but in another moment a big boulder shot into view, falling with ever increasing velocity, closely followed by a mass of smaller stones, ice and snow. Down thundered the great rock, ricochetting in tremendous bounds from side to side, splintering off other fragments where it struck as it smashed along its zigzag course, while the crash and roar echoed and reechoed far and wide.

A fortunate bulge in the wall fifty feet above us deflected the larger boulders from our immediate vicinity, and we heard their sinister hum as they whizzed past us at a safe distance, but smaller rocks

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falling at slower speeds and different angles rained all about us. One the size of a walnut struck my shoulder and numbed my arm for the rest of the day.

Full of anxiety for the others, we hurried our descent, and in a few minutes came to a blood-stained rock —I do not like to remember that moment. We tore down the remaining distance to the foot of the couloir, and to our unspeakable relief, found all four on the edge of the glacier, safely out of the sweep of the gulley.

One poor chap lay with his head in his guide's lap. He had had indeed a close call. He was clinging to his holds when the fall occurred. A fragment struck just above his head, and, glancing off, had just grazed his forehead, inflicting a severe scalp wound and nearly knocking him senseless. Fortunately they were near the bottom, and he had been speedily helped to safety; the hemorrhage had been checked with a handful of snow, and with a handkerchief bound over the cut, he was rapidly recovering from the shock.

In a little while the boy was his plucky self again; between two guides he was helped down the long, easy descent to Zermatt, and was soon in the hands of the surgeon.

Surely Azrael's wing had brushed by our party.

But there is no true sport without its risks, and he who would always be quite safe, must miss some of the greatest joys of living.

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The Round-Up

In the early seventies a Colorado ranchman was closeted with a Boston banker endeavoring to borrow money on his cattle to enlarge his herd. The banker listened carefully as the Westerner approached the subject of collateral. "These animals of yours, how many have you?"

The cattle owner named a round number, amply sufficient to secure the sum desired.

"Just where are they?"

"On the Colorado range."

"In what sort of an enclosure?"

The explanation was given that it was impracticable to fence in great herds of animals which, to thrive, must have their movements as little interfered with as the buffalo that frequently grazed beside them.

The banker opened his eyes—"Do you mean to tell me that there is nothing to keep these creatures from running away?"

"Nothing but the Rocky Mountains and the Gulf of Mexico."

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"My good sir, I would as soon loan money on a school of herring in Boston harbor!"

Doubtless the average Eastern man of that time would have been in entire accord with the astonished financier, but it is now very generally known that there are few great industries more systematically managed or better protected, both by legislative acts and corporate organization, than is the raising of cattle on the great plains of the West. The several State associations have their experienced officers to hunt down and prosecute thieves and maintain such efficient inspectors at the great stock yards of Omaha, Chicago and St. Louis that it is well nigh impossible for the cleverest swindler to sell a brand that is not his own.

It has long been known that cattle will seldom cross certain great natural barriers, if within them they find water, feed and tranquillity. Acting upon this characteristic, the legislators of the far West early divided their territory into range Districts, the confines of which followed these natural boundaries regardless of county lines. Thus District No. 11 in Colorado contains parts of three counties and consists of the rough triangle, over one hundred miles long from east to west, having for its three sides the South Platte river, Lodge Pole creek and the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. A few "pilgrims" occasionally wander across the border, to be picked up and pushed back on the next round-up of the adjoining district, but the great mass roam

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contentedly about their home range, and nothing but a winter blizzard of unusual duration will make them "quit the country."

It may be prefaced that each district is the common range of all the ranches within its limits, all of whose stock mingle together, distinguished only by the several ranch brands.

The management of affairs in Colorado is regulated as follows: Three commissioners are annually appointed by the Governor for each district, and are usually the three largest owners of cattle therein. They meet and appoint the round-up Captain, who is the unquestioned autocrat on all questions concerning the practical handling of the herds for the ensuing year. The times for the spring round-up, for the branding of calves and of the fall round-up or "beef gather" are established by the General Association and are usually the same from year to year.

Shortly before each date the Captain sends notice to each ranch owner to have his "outfit" at the customary starting point upon the day appointed, prepared to work their common range on the general round-up. An outfit consists of a foreman, who is a plainsman of long experience and proved reliability, who knows every buffalo wallow in the district and can handle men; the grub wagon and the bed wagon for handling food supplies and camp baggage; the cook and his helper, who may be indifferent culinary artists, but who must be expert teamsters to

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keep their heavily laden Studebakers right side up as they drive their teams of half-broken bronchos over the uneven trails and across the treacherous fords of the route; eight or ten "punchers" and the day and night "horse-wranglers," who have charge of the "horse-caviard," made up of the strings of ponies assigned to the riders at the commencement of the season. Each man is expected to furnish his own saddle, bridle, blankets and "warbag" of waterproof duck for extra clothing. The foreman and top hands frequently add a small A tent to this equipment.

Although there is much general information current concerning the life of the plainsman, not many have an accurate idea of his arduous labors in detail, or appreciate the long hours of exhausting toil that make up each day's duty. Let no convalescent or physical weakling join a thoroughbred outfit on the beef round-up. The great disciplined mass of men and horses sweeps like a cavalry raid over the prescribed course; so much territory must be covered each day, and he who fails to keep up the pace must be left behind. Sweltering in the heat, tormented by thirst and half choked with the dust in the alkali region, or drenched and shivering in rain-soaked clothing, pelted with hail and menaced with the sharp lightning that has brought down several luckless riders in the foothills, often faint with hunger, sometimes reeling dizzily in his saddle from fatigue and loss of sleep, the cow-boy is fre-

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quently called upon to undergo days and nights of privation and exposure that test to the utmost the endurance of the strongest constitutions.

He has always been the most unique and picturesque character of the American frontier, but he belongs to the second transitory period of every new country's development; the day of the nomad huntsman has passed, that of the herdsman is well nigh over, and already the husbandman is taking his place as final legatee. The slowly westering rain-belt, government liberality and the barbed-wire fence are already establishing "the man with the hoe" as a permanent dweller upon these broad prairies. Tracts that ten or fifteen years ago were thought incapable of supporting anything but buffalo bunch grass are now covered with cottonwood groves and flourishing crops; no arid waste seems unpromising enough to disconcert the hopeful and persevering settler; he plants his sod corn with sublime disregard of adverse probabilities, and with irrigation would grow potatoes on a granite tombstone.

Inasmuch, then, as the ranchman and his men belong to a rapidly passing phase of national progress, there may be some interest in following them over the range for a single twenty-four hours before the round-up is relegated to ancient history.

It is three o'clock of a September morning on the great plains to the east of the Rockies. The brilliant constellations in that rarefied atmosphere bathe the

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landscape in a dim twilight that reveals a bivouac of the general Beef Gather. The position of each separate camp may be marked by the dull red glow of its smouldering buffalo-chip fire, near the great wagons that loom up shadowy and indistinct in the centre of each outfit. In the nearest group the muffled forms of some of the men appear, lying about here and there, each with his head pillowed upon his saddle, while a little apart, through the gloom may be discerned the small, white, sharp-pointed tents of the others. Near by tinkles the bell of the grazing horse cavvy, and the soft night wind, rustling the dried grass as it steals over the plains, brings faintly to the ear a song of the night guards as they ride their watch around the beef bunch.

The measured beat of a horse's hoofs is heard, drawing nearer and nearer, as one of the last guard lopes in, awakens the cook from his slumbers in the grub wagon and hurries back to his post on herd. That functionary turns out, lets down the board of the mess kit, freshens his fire and in the starlight starts his preparations for breakfast.

Half an hour goes by, while the pots and kettles hiss and sputter, and the smell of food pervades the camp. It is still dark when, seizing the nearest pan, he hammers vigorously upon it with his long iron spoon, and in words which he varies every morning and over which he taxes his invention from his first waking moment, he shouts his summons to the sleepers to "Come to chuck, and come a-runnin'!"

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The recumbent figures suddenly leap into life; blankets are rolled up, strapped fast and tossed on the wagon with the speed and skill of long practice; in a twinkling down come the little tents and go flying up to the brawny hand who is deftly packing the load to preserve its balance.

There follows a hurried rinse from a much-demanded wash basin, a crowding of hungry men about the kettles, the proffering of much earnest but unappreciated advice to the daintily picking first comers to "fire and fall back"—then each having helped himself from the common supply, with steaming cup of black coffee and loaded plate, selects a spot that is free from cactus, and "holds it down while he feeds himself a lot."

Suddenly the cook catches sight of a green hand on the outskirts of the camp, whose peaceful snores prove that in one case, his elaborate and ingenious call has failed of its purpose, and, snatching up a heavy harness, he hustles it with a terrible rattle and clank of chain traces over the recumbent puncher; the chorus of practical jokers about the fire shriek a warning in tones of agonized alarm, while the rudely aroused sleeper, confident of impending sudden death, springs to his feet to escape the apprehended stampede. He rarely requires a second treatment.

Already the thoroughbred has cleared and scraped his plate, and is helping to load the grub wagon. Two or three of the oldest and steadiest

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hands have relieved the last guard and are moving slowly up the trail with the beef bunch. The cook, who is usually a past master in florid and sarcastic objurgation, is begging the slower ones to sit still till he brings them their dinners, when up comes the night wrangler with his bunch of over a hundred horses. Two lariats are made fast to a wheel and run out at right angles, and into this space crowd the neighing, trampling ponies, fresh from their night's liberty and looking fit enough. Dawn is just showing a faint gleam in the east, when each man, with his lariat ready for the cast, walks into the pushing, scrambling mass to pick his mount for the day.

This calls for no little skill on the part of the roper. In the confused blur of compacted horse flesh before him are the eight or ten particular ponies that compose his string; it is the turn of an especial one to be ridden, and this one he must catch out of more than a hundred others, all tightly wedged together, when there is hardly light enough to tell horses from cows. But to the trained eye and hand of the seasoned rangeman there is nothing difficult in the feat. He walks quietly in, keeping warily out of reach of spiteful heels, until he spies the well-known shape of the wanted one—his lariat whizzes, the loop settles down on the neck and the snorting, pulling, disgusted pony is dragged out of the bunch.

The puncher hates to miss this first throw, for

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when once the cute beast has received warning that his services are required, he institutes a most spirited game of hide and seek with his would-be captor. He dodges the loop like a boxer, rushes into the thickest of the crush and hangs down his head, while his master searches through the labyrinth of legs and tails, commenting disparagingly and not always piously upon the tricky cayuse. There is always more or less of "Seen my gray Gotch?" "Where in heaven's (?) that blessed (?) old Goodeye?" from the unfortunates who have failed in their first attempt and whose cunning brutes are hiding among their fellows like foxes in their holes. But every moment brings more daylight and the last lurker is finally pulled out and saddled for the start.

This is always the most interesting moment of the day. One or two of the bronchos last caught show threatening symptoms of mutiny. They stand quiet enough under the saddle, but there is a wicked look in the eye, a certain tucked-up appearance in the attitude that fills the outfit with pleasant anticipations of an entertaining performance to begin the day with. Cheerful observations of a hardly reassuring nature are freely indulged in by mischievous comrades, such as "He's goin' down after ye properly this mornin'," "Stockin' Foot's got a shore hump in 'is back," "Goin' to pound yer pig skin some?" "Got your pitchin' pony, I see," "Billy's just abaout ter git nachelly spanked." If Billy happens to be a top-rider the running fire of chaff is accepted as

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graceful tribute to his skill; he is proud of his reputation, and he listens with a superior smile while he leisurely coils up his lariat and makes it fast to the saddle. A moment to make sure of bit and cinches, then he springs into his seat—his wild whoop, weight, spurs and quirt seem to hit the pony all at once, and, as a rule, scare most of the deviltry out of him, so that after a few frightened kicks and plunges he is effectually "gentled" for the day.

But perhaps the rider of the other dubious beast is new to the business. The jokes of the Job's comforters fill him with uneasy forebodings, and after leading his mount aimlessly here and there a moment he brings up beside a noted "buster" with "Say, Bob, jest take the wire aidge offen this bronch, won't yer; he'll chuck me a-windin' the first buck." "Don't hafter," usually replies Bob, who has no idea of robbing the outfit of a spectacle that is certainly excruciatingly funny to all save the much demoralized victim. If the expert continues obdurate, there is no help for it, and with his heart in his mouth, the timid one throws his leg over the saddle with a feeble grin at his fellows, as his *moriturus saluto*. Sometimes, to his unspeakable relief, the pony has been misjudged, and walks off like a lamb, to the undisguised disgust of the expectant bystanders, who feel themselves defrauded, and even shy a sombrero or two at his heels in the hope of arousing a proper spirit. On the other hand, if the sulk has been genuine, the rider has hardly touched the saddle

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when the universe seems to "slip a cog," and if he loses his nerve, he does not quite comprehend what is happening to him, until he picks himself up from the prairie amid the laughter of his friends, and with more or less prickly-pear points in his epidermis to recall the event.

Riding a buck jumper is a knack only attained by practice. One may have been at home in the saddle from childhood, but an entirely new experience is in store for him who finds himself for the first time across a thoroughly ugly broncho. The brute is quick as a cat—in a trice he throws his head between his forelegs and up go his hind-quarters, as if he were going to turn a hand-spring—the same instant down they come with a crash that almost sends the rider's backbone through his hat, and up come the withers until he stands erect as a bear at bay. This alternate fore and aft pitching is kept up, quick as thought, accompanied *in transitu* by a side twist that is mortally hard to sit, and the whole series of complex convulsions is accomplished in some way with legs as stiff as a saw buck's, so that each plunge and rear ends with a most terrific jar. Thus a very fair horseman, sorely shaken and bewildered by the rapid succession of violent jerks and wrenches, will almost inevitably yield for the moment to the blind instinct to hold on for dear life—which is just what he should not do.

It is remarkable what a good effect the shouting laughter of the onlookers sometimes has upon the

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half dazed, clinging novice just at this critical moment. As the ironical "Sta-a-y with 'im!" of the delighted punchers strikes his ear, a sense of the supremely ridiculous entertainment he is furnishing flashes over him—the shocks to his anatomy are nothing to that suffered by his amour propre—and it is laughable to recall how with the instant return of shattered wits, comes a mad rush of wild and uncontrollable fury, most disproportionate to the occasion, that makes him stop "choking the horn" and turn himself loose with reversed quirt and savage spurs to club and rowel that jumping, jolting, jarring earthquake, till the vicious rascal finds there is some one on the hurricane deck who means to stay there.

The tussle is usually short and sharp; persistent punishment and the animal's own violent exertions generally bring a speedy end to the rebellion—there is a sudden, final bolt of a few hundred yards, and the panting, sweating pony is back at the wagon, with his master looking half ashamed over the welts and scratches that fresco his horse's hide, and feeling very glad that he is out of reach of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

All are in the saddle; at the word the drivers crack their whips over their waiting teams and with a creak and a lurch the heavily loaded wheels "hit the trail" for the next camping place, some twelve or fourteen miles distant. The foreman, who has

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A Typical Colorado Ranch Foreman and Riders.

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received his orders from the Captain overnight, takes a quick look at his "mob" to see who ride the best horses, then it is "Bob, Charlie, Ike, Mont and Billy come with me on the outside; Jack, you take Lou, Pete, Tom and Joe and drive the road." In other words the Captain has directed this outfit to drive forward all the cattle found in a straight line to the next round-up ground, and also all those on the outside circle, or farthest edge of the area to be covered for the day, while the riders of the other ranches will sweep in all that lie between. As the course is West the foreman will take his men twelve or fifteen miles due North to some well-known boundary, and then turning drive everything in the path of a quarter circle Southwesterly to the appointed place of meeting.

"This way, you waddies!" and Jack leads off leisurely in the wake of the departing wagons. The two squads fall apart; the foreman and his men strike at once into a brisk gallop, for their long, circuitous route of twenty-five or thirty miles calls for all speed while unencumbered with accumulated cattle.

There are few experiences in life as full of exultant, delirious exhilaration as this mad scamper over a Western prairie in the early dawn. Take five or six young men, bound together as a rule in that hearty good-fellowship that comes from the mutual sharing of wearying labor and frequent peril, mount them upon as many capital horses, put

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them in charge of a quiet, sensible, forceful man whom they thoroughly respect and like, and they form a party that in its jolly, sympathetic camaraderie is most delightful and complete. The upper limb of the sun has not risen above the horizon, but the East is aflame with the promised event. The cool freshness of the night is still on the air and it is a luxury to breathe.

The bounding spring of the pony under the saddle proves him full of the spirit and vigor of the new day and beneath his long, tireless lope the miles fly to the rear. The big jack rabbits scuttle out from under the sage brush and with ears erect go sailing away with their long, jerky leaps; a band of antelopes surprised in a cozy draw, start to their feet and then stare for one startled instant, then vanish in a cloud of dust over into another swale; a sneaking coyote is spied slinking away to his hole—there is a popping of six-shooters and generally only a somewhat scared and sprinkled fugitive as a result; a quick swerve of the horses reveals a coiled rattler, sounding his alarm and ready to strike; the nearest rider leaps to the ground, dexterously stuns the reptile with his long quirt, smashes his head and adding the rattles to the string around his hat, races after his fellows.

Thus, with ever-recurring incident and change of scene the party pushes on, now walking awhile to breathe the horses and again resuming the rapid

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pace; the gently rolling hills rise and fall, the sun climbs slowly higher and higher, and finally the foreman espies in the distance the landmark that limits his northern advance. Halting about two miles this side he explains the course to such as need to be informed, then dropping a man every quarter mile he continues on till he reaches the point. The horses' heads are now turned to the West, the line moves steadily forward, the riders driving everything before them in gradually converging paths, and the real work of the day has begun.

Throwing the scattered groups of cattle in one bunch as fast as they come up with them, the ever-increasing herd is urged forward at what seems a snail's pace after the delightful dash from camp.

The weary miles drag slowly by; hurrying the heavy steers is strictly prohibited; the sun beats fiercely down as over the hot sand hills and across beds of alkali tossed in clouds of suffocating dust by the shuffling, rattling hoofs, the more or less patient punchers push their charges onward at a steady walk. It is a sinister looking lot that about 12 or 1 o'clock arrives at the round-up ground. Men and animals are white with dust; beneath each broad sombrero is seen but two irritated and inflamed eyes, the nose, mouth and chin being covered by varicolored handkerchiefs, that make the new-comers look more like the masked participants in a lynching bee than peaceable, law-abiding ranchmen.

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Jack's men, who were first on the ground, have long since "worked" the other bunches, now drive their "culls" near to the foreman's herd, and reinforcing the tired outsiders, begin to run out the four-year-olds bearing the ranch brand. In half an hour the "cut" is completed and the bunch turned over to the Captain, who signals to a waiting group that their turn has come. "Throw them into the cavvy, boys," orders the foreman, and leads the way to his own beef herd that is feeding quietly a mile or so distant.

Soon the morning's gather is merged in the main body, and at the welcome "go to camp" that the good-natured boss always loves to shout when the work is done, the tired and hungry riders, who have been ten hours in the saddle, with a whoop that their plucky but "gaunted" ponies fully understand, make a headlong bolt for the wagons—a quick jerk at cinches and headstall and the unencumbered, liberated broncho throws himself on his back, rolls over and over with grunts of satisfaction and then trots off to his fellows, while his recent rider loses no time in getting into the immediate vicinity of the waiting dinner. The summons to "fly at it" never seemed so welcome and the fatigued and half famished fellows work sudden and dire havoc in the midst of the ample preparations.

The cook, who is usually a favorite with the boys, and is as a rule flattered by their vigorously demonstrated appreciation of his labors, hides his satisfaction by grumbling and blustering about, all the

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The Grub Wagon.

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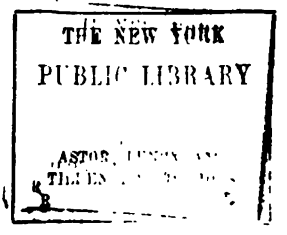
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time helping everybody liberally and finally surveying his empty kettles in a well simulated dumb despair, stalks solemnly over to the foreman and, declaring that he would rather cook for a pack of timber wolves, formally throws up his job and demands his "time." The boss grins serenely at the time-honored threat, and consulting his book details three or four to relieve the men on herd, who forthwith mount fresh horses and take the places of those who soon come loping into camp.

If there happens to be nothing further to be done, those off duty now enjoy a few hours' rest. Pipes are lit, blankets sunned, war bags overhauled and lost sleep made up. The foreman, however, can seldom indulge himself in the luxury of even a brief idleness. His duties are many and varied. There is a trail herd passing by bound for Wyoming or Montana, and he must ride through it to see that it has picked up no strays of his brand while passing through his district; he is wanted by the Captain at a council to determine some of the frequent questions arising daily on the round-up; or he is making a quiet round of his beef bunch to see that the feeding ground is well selected and that those "on herd" are handling the great steers quietly and not fretting them by needless restraint. His place calls for ability of a high class; he is usually the best rider and roper in the outfit. He must be absolutely fearless, firm and fair with his men; considerate and kind, but hardly familiar, for he has all sorts of

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characters to handle. He must be equally able to call down a dangerous insubordinate, detect and punish a shirk, or encourage and instruct the timorous tenderfoot. He must know the peculiar powers and limits of every man and horse under his control, and while apportioning the duty of each to his ability, avoid the smallest appearance of favor. His horse is always saddled and his string is the cream of the bunch. In wind storm and cloudburst, in rain, hail and snow, he is always "on the bridge," and in the midnight stampede the despairing guards take a deep breath of relief as he flies past them to the "point" and takes command. Here's to you, Bob Barr!

Just before sunset supper is dispatched; the day wrangler drives up his charges; each man catches his night horse and all ride out and move the beef bunch over to the "bed ground" that has been carefully selected during the afternoon. The whole force is divided into four reliefs of four men each; first watch from seven till ten, second from ten till twelve, third from twelve till two, and last from two till four. The foreman reads the names of those on each relief, and after holding the compacted herd together until it has quieted down, the first guard takes charge, and the rest, returning to camp, picket their mounts and roll up in their blankets to sleep until called to stand their turn.

Each man has in his string this one horse that is sacred to night-work, and as his life sometimes

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depends upon the animal's sagacity, he is chosen for his surefootedness and his ability to see in the dark. He is never used for any day work and becomes wonderfully intelligent and expert in all that is required of him; he must be strong, swift and steady; a fretful, snorting, nervous pony is a most dangerous thing around a beef bunch at night, for the big steers are as timid as deer; a sudden frightened jump will sometimes send the whole sleeping herd to its feet, and a stumble and flounder has been enough to start a stampede. To guard against sudden panic, the watch usually ride their rounds singing or whistling, and this with the jingle of spur and bit chains, and the flap and clank of saddle accoutrements, are all valued as producing the continued evidence of their protective presence, which diminishes the dangerous effect of any unexpected noise.

The songs of the range are seldom jovial. To begin with, there is a kind of plaintive timbre in the voices of some of these plainsbred boys—a mournful modulation that becomes emphasized in singing, and as the minor cadences of the rude harmony rise and fall, there comes the irresistible feeling that they are the far echoes of the bravely unuttered repinings, the starved and homesick longings of the boy's lonely mother, as day after day she sat at the door of the lowly sod house, comforting herself with a mental mirage of former scenes, as she strained her eyes to the East over the wind-

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swept mesa. The ballads themselves are usually tragic or pathetic.

Left to themselves the first guard, consisting of three top hands and one newcomer, strike into a slow trot and swing steadily around the herd at equal distances from each other. Ordinarily this must be kept up the first hour, for the newly-caught cattle try to leave the bunch and return to their familiar feeding grounds. It is a nasty part of the range where here and there the perfectly flat prairie suddenly gaps in precipitous little cañons from thirty to forty feet deep and where, if a stampede should occur, the chances are that it would end in a promiscuous pile of men and animals at the bottom of some little gulch. The night grows dark and squally, the wind rises, and the inexperienced one tries most unsuccessfully to keep the bearings of two particularly deep and ugly traps which he had located in the daylight and the position of which he considers it extremely advisable to remember in case the cattle break in that direction. All at once the rider in front of him strikes up a song—

The summer sun was setting
And hung with lingering ray
On the banks of the Palmetto
Where the wounded ranger lay.

The following verses develop the fact that the Texas Rangers had had a brush with some horse-thieves and this unfortunate had received his death wound; the most affecting dying messages to family

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and friends are rehearsed in unsparing detail, and not finding himself in an appreciative mood the tenderfoot pulls up and falls in behind the next man, just as the bereaved rangers are laying their comrade in the cold grave, "with his saddle for a pillow and the Lone Star on his breast."

For a few moments the round is pursued in grateful silence, and then his new predecessor starts the second nocturne. This time it is an interesting tale of a bad man who had been finally corralled by the Vigilantes and was to die the next morning of throat trouble in the presence of his fellow citizens. With some pride he recapitulates his wild career and recites such a list of gruesome crimes that the unwilling listener sighs regretfully for a renewal of the obsequies of the dying ranger. At last it comes to an end. Again nothing is heard but the steady tramp of the horses, and sated with death and lawlessness the new beginner hopes that the next selection from the repertoire will be whistled. A veer in the wind brings faintly to the ears the yelp of a prowling coyote in the distant hills and, considering that he has received his cue, the third serenader opens up with—

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairee
Where the wild coyote will howl over me
In a narrow grave jest six by three
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairee.

The unseasoned auditor feels his hair begin to rise,

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for this song relates to a poor chap who had been mortally hurt in a stampede and to his shattered nerves the singer seems to be tempting fate. As if reveling in the painful scene the following stanzas proceed. "It mattered not, so he'd been told, where the body lies when the heart grows cold," but he most pathetically insists that it does make a difference to him, and after dwelling upon the piteous pleadings to be laid in the quiet churchyard at home the rhyme ends by stating that "they buried him there on the lone prairee." When his turn comes the only thing he can think of is the "Dead March in Saul," and as he can think of no words to it he keeps silent. At length one of the others rides up to him with the welcome "Call the second relief—you needn't come back, mister, for we can hold 'em," and he rides to camp, turns out the next guard and hunts his blankets, feeling like offering up a burnt offering for being still alive.

The genus Cowboy is unusually interesting and attractive. He is not only dashing, reckless, hardy and loyal to his ranch, but he is constantly giving unmistakable evidences of a fineness and delicacy of feeling not generally looked for in men who live such lives of toil and exposure—here is an instance.

It is high noon and a lumbering grub-wagon, drawn by its four wiry bronchos, turns off the trail and creaks and lurches on to the camping ground.

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The cook, huge, round-shouldered, red-bearded, and white with alkali dust, swings stiffly down from his seat and unharnesses and turns loose his sweating team.

As he wipes his dripping face, he glances at the sun and growls profanely at the short time left in which to prepare for the riders who will soon come racing into camp, wild as winter wolves for their food.

Gathering a sack of buffalo-chips, he deftly starts his fire and soon his kettles are bubbling and steaming.

Turning from his mess-box to the other side of the wagon for some supplies, he stops as if struck by a rattler.

The keen eyes under the bushy brows soften as he stoops down and gently parts the bunch-grass with his knotty fingers.

"Thet hoss cavy'll tromp 'em ter bits!" he mutters, for on this side the ponies will be driven up for fresh mounts.

If he could only shelter the spot by the big wagon-body—

He throws his great weight against one of the wheels in a desperate effort, but the heavy load has already sunk them felloe-deep in the yielding loam, and he cannot move it an inch.

There is no time to catch and reharness his horses, so inverting an empty box over the spot, he sets a pan of flour upon it—a taboo that no cowboy ever ignores—and returns to his work.

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The hungry horde comes scampering into camp in a cloud of dust, the saddles are tumbled to the ground, the freed ponies trot away to the bunch and the riders sprawl here and there for a few moments' welcome rest.

"Git a'holt o' these wheels, waddies, an' turn the wagon so's the wind won't blow the grub into the crick!"

No one stirs. There is no wind. The tired men eye him askance.

"None o' yer lallapaloosas, Cooky!" says one.

"Plumb locoed at last!" announces another.

Addressing his pots and pans, the cook soliloquizes, " 'Taint so fur to Wildcat ter-morrer, as it wuz frum Lone Tree here, an' ef it wornt sich a pizen, lazy lot o' outlaws, I *mought* git time ter bake pies."

It is an irresistible bribe. With a whoop every man springs to his feet. They don't understand why, but Cooky wants his wagon moved, and his pies are the proud boast of the outfit, the envy of the entire district. So with two husky punchers at each wheel and half a dozen more at the tongue, in a trice they have rolled the great wagon directly over the inverted box.

On all sides surges the boisterous activity of the camp.

Twice the trampling, kicking horse caviard is driven up to the wheels, and within a few inches of

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the guarded spot the prairie is beaten hard and flat by a thousand hoofs, but the box is undisturbed.

Next morning when camp is broken, on one pretence and another the cook, hitherto the most punctual man in the outfit, delays until all the riders have gone, then starts his team a few feet, climbs down and carefully lifts the box.

There safe and sound lie three tiny speckled eggs of the little ground-bird, and as he moves away there comes a fluttering whirr of wings, as with joyful twitterings the mother-bird darts swiftly down upon her restored nest.

"That was a kind thing to do, Cal," said one who had been puzzled by the cook's conduct, and in hiding had shamelessly spied upon the denouement.

"The hell it was!" and the startled and embarrassed man mounted hastily to his seat and drove off, swearing with entirely unnecessary vehemence at his unoffending team.

Hulking, blustering giant, under his coarse, rough shell, beat the tender heart of a little child. One of those who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame," he avoided the sole witness of his act for days thereafter, and absolutely refused to meet his approving eye.

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A Peruvian Bull-Fight

There are bull-fights and bull-fights. There is the sort favored in Spain, Mexico and (recently) in Cuba which is a sickening horror; where the horses of the Toreadors are blindfolded and deliberately exposed to the charge of the bull, who rips and gores the helpless animals with very little hindrance from the riders, for the slaughter of the horses has become the most eagerly demanded feature of the game.

Such an exhibition of shocking cruelty, destitute as it is of the faintest vestige of fair play, awakening and fostering as it does that tigerish thirst for blood that lies dormant in human nature, is a public amusement that embrutes and debases the spectators, and is a shame and disgrace to any civilized people.

But while this is true of the custom in the places named, the bull-fights of Venezuela and Peru present many of the elements of true sport, with such a minimum of objectionable points that an ordinary Christian may attend and come away without despising himself for what he has seen.

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Early in the Game.

Later.

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The first contrast that strikes one is that the horses are not pitiful old screws, the poor blinded sacrifices to the mob's appetite for blood, but the most beautiful animals to be seen in the whole country, their eyes bright and flashing with spirit, richly caparisoned, protected by broad leather shields, and ridden by the men who own them, whose entire wealth they frequently represent. They are trained until they understand and enjoy the game as well as a polo pony, are ridden and handled with consummate care and skill, are soothed, praised and petted by their masters as occasion arises, and prove themselves pampered favorites in every dainty step and motion. Their intelligence and schooling is such that they are seldom hurt. In the Corrida de Toros at Lima, six bulls were killed on the afternoon here referred to and not a horse was touched.

The office of their riders, called here the Capeadores de a caballo, is to deal with the bull's fresh enthusiasm when he enters the ring—to play with his first five or six rushes, which are so fast and fierce as would materially embarrass men dependent upon their own legs to get out of the way.

When he bursts out of the dark, narrow alley into the broad glare of the arena he stands a moment astonished and irresolute. The nearest Capeadore rides slowly toward him, flaunting his capa; the challenge is instantly accepted, and with lowered head he charges down upon the offered defiance; just at the last moment the horse swerves to one side

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and the vigorous toss that would have lifted both antagonists into the air meets only the empty folds of the capa.

Quickly wheeling, he repeats the same manœuver frequently several times in a minute, dodging about in a marvelously small area, horse and rider acting in perfect accord, displaying wonderful agility and judgment, and always keeping just beyond the sharp thrusting horns of the now panting toro. A very few minutes spent in wasting this tremendous energy upon nothing brings him to a momentary standstill and the part of the horsemen is finished.

The same tactics are now taken up by the Capeadores on foot, and with them advance the Banderilleros, bearing their little steel pointed darts. Very strict rules govern the placing of the banderillas. They must never be thrown, and the attack must be made from the front. With one in each hand, the expert is required to push both points simultaneously into the bull's withers, one on either side of the backbone, and leap aside in time to save himself. It is a dangerous trick, well applauded when successful, but when it fails the hoots and jeers of the crowd are still more generously given. The sharp barb, hooked into the thick hide, frets and irritates him, but it is to be doubted if it occasions any severer suffering than the ordinary prod of the oxgoad. At all events, it is of short duration, for after the planting of two or three pairs, all respectfully fall back as an Espada, with his rich cloak and

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The Last Charge.

Exit.

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bright sword, advances to execute the final act, which calls for the greatest nerve and dexterity of the entire performance.

The bull is not to be butchered, but is to be killed in a fair fight, governed by inflexible regulations that make the deed most difficult and hazardous. The thrust must be given while standing in the direct path of the charge, and to insure full career the bull's forelegs must be together, or the swordsman must leap to one side, and wait until the conditions required by the rules are all present.

In his gorgeous costume the Espada is a picture of athletic grace. He fans about his big, infuriated foe with his capa until he has him in exactly the desired position; suddenly he stiffens to rigidity, and as the great bulk comes thundering down on him there is a sudden flash of steel, a spring out of the way, and the doomed quadruped staggers a few steps and falls dead with the sword through his heart.

The Arrastradores at once ride in with their team of horses and drag away the fallen fighter; the band strikes up a lively air, while the triumphant Matador bows his way around the ring, busily engaged in tossing back the hats which his shouting admirers throw at him by the score.

It is not designed to discuss here what effect such an exhibition has upon the manners and morals of a nation. The Anglo-Saxon stranger is first interested in the nearer question whether or not the sport, conducted as described, is a cruel one.

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No one who has watched the great herds of cattle running wild over the ranges of Colorado, Wyoming or Montana will deny that the bull is a most courageous animal, a born fighter that loves to fight, and he is not at all afraid when he faces his final fate. His enemies are always in front of him, he is free to hurl himself upon them, and as he does so and his blood warms to the work, it is hardly probable that he suffers much from the prick of the banderillas.

In the excitement of battle, men are often severely wounded without feeling it, and it is greatly to be doubted if in the fever of violent exertion the bull is much pained by a few small punctures in his tough hide. As for the final thrust, it is expert work that men devote years to perfecting, and upon which their lives, reputation and livelihood depend. It is seldom bungled, so it may be asserted that an animal is rarely killed in a more humane manner.

The struggle is a short one, the time occupied from his entrance to his exit being usually from fifteen to twenty minutes, and could the alternatives be presented to him, whether to be tamely knocked in the head in some reeking shambles, or to meet death in the sunshine, filled with the pride and joy of the fight, while his blood is hot and his heart strong—to get his quietus in the fierce rage and fury of the charge—it is altogether likely that he would choose the bull-ring.

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Dog Team on Chilkoot Pass.

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Over the Chilkoot Pass in 1898

The Gold Rush to the Klondike in 1898 will long be remembered.

In July, 1897, forty weather-beaten miners had sailed into San Francisco Bay with bulging bags of gold dust from the far North, and the newspapers were filled with the more or less accurate reports of the richness of the new find.

Miners from all over the world at once hurried to this latest El Dorado.

At first, Victoria and Juneau were the chief outfitting points for the Dawson trail, but the citizens of Seattle saw their opportunity, crammed their warehouses with the required merchandise of such quality and quantity that the miner could outfit there better than anywhere else, and thus in 1898 Seattle enjoyed the biggest business boom of its history.

February of this year found it swarming with adventurers from every country and clime. The

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Australian was there from Coolgardie; men from Kimberly and the gold reefs of South Africa; miners who had sought the yellow metal over the frozen tundras of Siberia, and some from the arroyos of Peru; wiry old veterans harking back to California days in "forty-nine," diggers fresh from the gulches of Colorado and from the entire Rocky Mountain range from Mexico to the Mackenzie.

There were those whose search had already rewarded them beyond the need of further exertion, but who, from sheer love of the life, were outfitting generously for another bout with Fortune; others whose meagre belongings eloquently told the story of hard luck; and again others with nothing but the clothes they stood in, who had beaten their way thither on the trucks and bumpers, and were now wandering about, their faces drawn and pinched with hunger, hoping for some stroke of luck that should enable them to enter the Promised Land. These fought for places as stokers, stewards, and deckhands on the north-bound steamers, and many were the return trips with barely enough crew to navigate the vessel home.

The crowded streets presented a fascinating character study, thronged as they were with a heterogeneous mass made up of all races, creeds, crafts and professions. To and fro surged the mobs of sunburnt ranchmen and farmers, sturdy miners, muscular mechanics, white-faced clerks, doctors, gamblers, priests, soldiers and sailors, all

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restless of eye, loud of voice and excited in movement, hurrying their myriad ways, eager to start upon the long trail.

Here and there along the water-front one saw battered old schooners long out of commission, being patched up and fitted with bunks to accommodate the hundreds who could not afford the steamer fare; rotten, unseaworthy old hulks whose owners had sold them for a song, entirely unsuited for the icy and tempestuous outside voyage to St. Michael's, but that would pay their cost several times over with one load of Argonauts—whether or not ship and Argonauts arrived, (and some didn't) troubled the speculators not at all.

Much of the interior of Alaska is as yet unmapped, but once at Skagway or Dyea, no one need miss the way on the Yukon route to Dawson City. It is merely a matter of crossing the Coast Range by the Chilkoot or White Pass, to the head waters of the great river (a distance of about twenty-five miles) and following it down stream for some six hundred miles to the Klondike region.

It sounds easy enough, but the difficulties and dangers of the route call for the utmost care and foresight in outfitting, and for the greatest nerve, endurance and skill in the man. He must carry fur clothing and robes that will protect him in weather sixty-eight degrees below zero, food to last him a year, tent, tools, stove and instruments, ever bearing in mind the necessity of keeping down the weight,

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as every pound must be packed long distances upon the backs of men. Two weeks is a short time for the newcomer to devote to assembling his equipment and he should carefully consult some one who has been in the country and knows what is required.

At last sailing day arrives, and crowded with passengers and deeply laden with freight, the steamer casts off from the dock, black with cheering spectators, and begins the eight hundred mile trip to Skagway.

North of Puget Sound the western margin of the continent consists of the partly submerged Coast Range, forming a continuous archipelago of small, densely wooded islands that frequently rise steeply to altitudes of from one to three thousand feet. Between them lie the deep, narrow channels that extend all the way to Lynn Canal. The voyage is a beautiful one. The warm Japan Current moderates the temperature of the entire coast and in the moist air all vegetation flourishes with almost tropical luxuriance. Protected from the stormy North Pacific by fifty miles of intervening islands, the waters of these winding narrows are quiet and smooth. The way lies through mountains of dense foliage that overhang on every side.

Sometimes the fog shuts in so thick that the engines are slowed down and the passengers shown a new and curious feat of skilled pilotage. The man at the wheel knows the shape of every island on his course and its relative position to its fellows, and

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Skagway. Head of Lynn Canal. Dyea.

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when his next landmark is shrouded in the mist he sounds a sharp blast with his whistle. By the time it takes for the echo to be sent back from the shore, he judges his position and creeps slowly forward, feeling his way for miles, depending only upon his ears and his compass.

A few days' steaming brings the boat on a bright morning to Juneau, spread out at the foot of its snow-capped mountain, and while mails are thrown off and freight is trundled ashore, an opportunity is given for a short stroll about the town. Then the whistle sounds "all aboard," the hawsers are cast off, and rounding the island clamorous with the hammering stamp mills of the Treadwell mine, the northerly course is resumed, and it is "full speed ahead" for the last hundred-mile stretch of the voyage.

Early in the afternoon the wooded islands are left behind, and as Lynn Canal opens out ahead like a huge gash deeply cut into the Coast Range of the mainland, Alaska extends no smiling welcome—on the contrary, it becomes evident that eight hundred miles of north latitude brings considerable change in temperature and landscape. As evening draws on the sky becomes leaden and overcast. The Taku is blowing hard down from the glacial regions, covering the sound with white-caps, and soon the steamer is pitching uneasily in the short seas of the squall.

Bare, bleak and forbidding, the mountains rise steeply to snowy heights on either side of the long

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narrow fjord. It is a gloomy, gigantic, overpowering panorama of barren precipices and far-off frozen solitudes, the towering ramparts of a somber and savage land. In the gathering shadows the surrounding immensities seem to lower with a sinister and sullen menace. The biting wind wails over this vast icy desolation and the darkness and cold overawe and depress the liveliest spirits. The deck becomes deserted, the warm bright cabin crowded, and there is a noticeable current setting towards the bar.

Skagway is built on the sandy delta of a mountain stream that flows into the head of Lynn Canal. Late at night the steamer reaches her dock, and the first and easiest stage of the journey is finished.

Lake Linderman, the first navigable waters of the Yukon, is reached by two passes, one starting from Skagway, called the White Pass, and the Chilkoot, which starts from Dyea, seven miles around the point.

In the morning, all miners and freight going over the Chilkoot are transferred to a small steamer and taken to the mouth of the Dyea river. There is no dock here and everything is lightered ashore in small flat boats.

Landed at last upon the beach, his goods strewn about in confusion, and the steamer that brought him disappearing in the distance, the Chichaka feels that he has at last arrived.

The distance from tidewater at Dyea to the summit of the Chilkoot Pass is less than twenty miles, but some of the way is over the roughest trail in

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the world. The trader at the small post nearby will contract to transfer freight for some twelve or fourteen miles to Sheep Camp, where an enterprising Scotchman has established a steam plant, operating an endless steel cable, running to the summit of the pass, to which freight is attached and borne soaring through the air with an apparent ease that fills the plodding, stumbling toiler below with the keenest envy. All supplies are turned over to the pack-horses, and encumbered only with extra coat and lunch, the start is made for Sheep Camp.

Now to see what equipment of wind and muscle, pluck and endurance, the newcomer has brought to his task. The trail begins smoothly enough along and frequently across the flat bed of the Dyea river, but later leads into a narrow, rocky cañon, heavily timbered, beyond which the path zigzags over logs and stumps, winds tortuously around huge boulders, up and down steep declivities, till each mile of progress seems gained by at least five of sweating, struggling, heart-breaking effort. The skill with which the patient pack-horse threads his weary way up this rugged trail is truly marvelous, and the miner who toils along behind, under fifty to a hundred pounds of camp outfit, awakens both sympathy and admiration. It is laborious and fatiguing enough to the one with no burden to carry but himself, and toward night he reaches the bunk house, cold, bruised, and breathless, to sleep the sleep of utter exhaustion.

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Sheep Camp is just above the timber line and is bitterly cold and windy. The next morning opens blustery and overcast. Burns, the cable owner, is digging his accumulated freight out of the snow that blows back over it almost as fast as it is uncovered, hooking it on to the carriers in bulks of from two to three hundred pounds, and starting it off for the summit of the pass, four or five miles away. There are thousands of pounds piled all about, meaning days of delay before he can promise to touch new freight, and as there is much that can be done on the other side of the divide while awaiting its arrival, it is determined to push on.

Two Indians can easily pack necessaries for a week, and the Siwash camp is just at hand.

The headman learns what is wanted, takes a look at the weather and grunts a few words to the half-breed beside him.

The latter interprets that this is no time to cross, that the chief says there is a "poorga" coming. The word means "tempest of death," and many a poor fellow has found it so. It is the Chilkoot blizzard and snowslides that constitute the peril of the pass.

The prevailing air currents of this locality blow from the Pacific heavily laden with moisture, strike the cold Coast Range, sweep up the deep, narrow valleys, and develop into violent whirwlinds that rage about the summits with terrific force and velocity. Any luckless one caught abroad at this time is at once bewildered by the clouds of driving snow,

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Last Ascent, Chilkoot Pass.

The Final Crossing.

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blinded by the icy particles that beat with stinging force into his eyes; his nose and face quickly whiten and stiffen in the icy gale, while the furious gusts of deadly cold penetrate the heaviest parka and benumb and paralyze every limb. At such a time one must hunt cover, and find it quickly, too, or his travels are over.

The pass is closed for weeks at a time by these wild storms and during these delays Sheep Camp grows larger day by day; tiny tents spring up like magic on both sides of the trail, and through the maze of tangled tent ropes, piled-up camp stores, fighting dogs and tethered pack horses, wander little groups of impatient men whose time hangs heavily on their hands.

There is nothing to do but join them. The resources of indoors are somewhat limited; the bunk house and saloon offer nothing but very bad whiskey and stud poker, and the study of the human stream outside is vastly more entertaining. Acquaintances are quickly struck up; we are all tramps together, and what some one has called "the freemasonry of the road" demands neither credentials nor introductions.

Just after dinner, at the northern end of the Camp, a mournful group of six men is seen coming down the trail, each couple bearing between them a body which had just been dug out of the snow. A few days before, sixty-three miners had been engulfed by an avalanche about two miles from the summit and not one escaped.

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As the afternoon wears on, the cold increases; the storm roars up the narrow gorge and it is very good to be snug in a stout log-hut and near to a red-hot stove. All night the gale howls and shrieks overhead, and under warm blankets the Chichaka thanks his stars for the weather wisdom of the old Siwash, but for which he might have been caught out, shelterless and unprepared.

The wind blew itself out toward morning, and as not much snow had fallen, the two Indians are found waiting at the door, ready for their loads. Although the pack of each is over one hundred pounds (113 and 122), they swing them easily upon their broad backs and adjusting shoulder and tump-straps, set off at a brisk pace. All Sheep Camp is astir. Scores of tents had been struck and their heavily burdened owners already are strung out in a long, plodding line showing black against the whiteness of the way.

The path up which the trail leads from Sheep Camp presents few difficulties for the first mile or two. It is the last mile that is steep and dangerous. As long as one keeps carefully in the middle of the gorge, he is practically out of reach of the avalanches that sometimes thunder down from the summits on either side. The party that was overwhelmed in April, 1898, was caught in a poorga; they were blinded by the flying snow, lost the trail, and straying under the eastern cliffs, were swallowed up in a snowslide.

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Miners' Caches, Summit of Chilkoot Pass.

First Descent to Crater Lake.

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Soon after the start the sun comes out, making the ice and snow of the inwalling cliffs sparkle and glitter with dazzling brilliancy. Here and there, black and jagged cliffs show where the mountain sides are too steep to hold the snow. The scenery is grand and impressive beyond words. The air is keen and exhilarating. The varying levels of the track are clearly shown by the long black line of toiling men reaching far down the valley and extending on ahead to the last ascent, which is a cliff so steep that one mostly creeps up upon all fours. This last half mile is straight up a snow-covered incline of fifty-five degrees, a short level, and then another easier ascent, and one finds himself at the summit, where for an area of half an acre it is covered with caches of provisions and camp outfits half buried in the drifting snows.

The hardy miner who packs his supplies over the pass upon his own back must make many trips. Most white men can comfortably carry but fifty pounds up so laborious a climb, so each burden is carried to the summit, dumped down and left while the owner returns for another load.

There is little danger of theft. Miners' law is rough and a thief gets short shrift.

Many a man has packed in this way his entire outfit across upon his own back, built his boat from trees felled by his own axe, and gone swiftly sailing down the great waterway, debtor alone to his own muscles and skill. All along the route to the gold-

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fields one continually comes upon caches of provisions upon raised platforms out of reach of the bears. The owners of these stores are miles away, and this too in a land where food is frequently beyond price, but they are left in almost absolute security with no fear of loss. Sometimes a stranded, starving miner will take what he needs to carry him to the nearest camp and leave his name and where he can be found, but his necessity must be conceded to have been dire or his peril is great.

Although this is the summit of the pass, the immense shoulders of the range rise cold and white above it upon either side. Steep and high as is the approach, it is but three thousand five hundred feet above sea level and the lowest point in the Great Divide.

The uncertain weather is giving signs of another change and to the north the trail down the mountain is lost in a fog. The summit is no place to linger in unsettled weather, and as there is a dog team for hire, the two Indians are paid off and their packs lashed firmly to the sledge. It is eight or ten miles from the summit to Lake Linderman and a good part of the way is what the miners call "a down-hill push," and the easiest part of the trip.

Crater Lake, the small rocky bowl from which the mighty Yukon starts on its two-thousand mile route to the sea, lies just ahead, about three hundred feet below, at the foot of a rather steep incline, so the dogs are not yet harnessed, but run alongside, while

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The Trail over Long Lake, Looking North.

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their driver holding tight to the gee pole, and the passenger dragging back on a tail rope, lower the sledge carefully down until it rests upon the frozen level. Here the dogs are fastened to the traces, and at the "mush on!" of the driver away we go across to the narrow outlet, down the frozen water-course to Deep Lake, from thence to Long Lake, ever descending toward the timber line and Lake Linderman. The dogs race along over the well-beaten trail through a very different atmosphere than prevailed on the south side of the mountains. The ascent was made in bright sunshine, but now the scampering team is whisking the sledge on through a misty wind that fairly pushes us along over the long grades down hill, till the weight of two men and two hundred pounds of baggage seem as nothing behind them. Indeed, this following wind is a great help to the miner who has to drag his own sledge, for he puts up a sail and its steady pull lightens his load by scores of pounds.

Soon the trees begin to appear far off. Later, rounding a hill the settlement on the shores of Lake Linderman spreads out before us, and ere long the dogs are halted in front of a one-story log shanty bearing a huge canvas sign, "Red Roof Hotel," and kept by a cheery old Frenchman, Louis Ballanger, who kept a bunk house in California in '49 and whose genius for cooking made him noted from Linderman to Dawson City.

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The Dungeons of the Mamertine

The subterranean works of former times are always peculiarly interesting, as they generally continue in a far better state of preservation than the monuments and buildings above ground. Everything upon the surface of the earth is exposed to the direct action of the irresistible forces of nature: centuries of sunshine and frost will overcome the cohesion of the hardest granite and crumble it into powder; the electric bolt may strike the tallest tower into a shapeless and blackened ruin; the tiny seed dropped in a narrow crevice may slowly push apart the massive blocks of masonry which a thousand men dragged painfully into place; the rains of recurring seasons will undermine the foundations of the stateliest structures, and over their prostrate columns the winds slowly pile the dust of ages.

The wants, fanaticisms and strifes of later generations ever menace the existence of these ancient landmarks; their materials are often incorporated into the humbler buildings of modern utility, and the

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archæologist reads fragments of a Roman emperor's edict from stones built into the cow-house of a peasant.

The sculptor of to-day alternately praises the dismembered torso of Hercules and curses the barbarous iconoclasts who mutilated its perfections. The Parthenon at Athens stood one of the best preserved relics of old Greek art and architecture, as late as 1687; at that time the city was besieged by the Venetians, and the Turks fortified the Acropolis, turning the temple into a powder magazine. The subsequent explosion scarred and shattered its beautiful sculptures, and the Elgin marbles in the British Museum are about all that remains of its exquisite decoration.

But a few feet underground is concealment and protection from the greater part of natural and human interference, and wherever the hall, gallery or tomb is hewn out of hard rock, its duration seems assured; in its utter isolation, age after age goes by, generation after generation is born and buried, nations rise and fall, but the dead silence of this lower region is unbroken, and the centuries leave no record of their flight.

It is on this account that newly discovered tombs of the ancients have always awakened such eager interest. They are genuine and actual bits of the dim past. Forgotten and undisturbed, their contents have been wonderfully preserved in the dry, even temperature, and one may step with a single

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stride into the time of the Ptolemies. Here far more is to be learned than we can glean from the mutilated manuscript. It is the embalmed mummies and their surroundings that tell us far more than the mysterious sphynx and huge pyramids, those unsolved riddles in stone. It is the few grains of wheat clutched in their dried palms, the graphic pictures on the walls, the coins, trinkets and utensils found near by, and the writings upon the linen which has enshrouded the body so long in its rocky rest, that give us a far more intimate acquaintance with Egypt's manners and customs than the colossal monoliths, with their half obliterated inscriptions, that have been exposed to the storms of four thousand years.

And so curiosity is on the *qui vive* whenever one finds himself in the vicinity of any of these interesting sites, and explains why, one hot July morning we set out from a Roman hotel with an underground programme arranged for the day; not indeed expecting to roam amid relics of Egyptian antiquity, on the contrary, seeking those of a people whose origin but dawns in dim mythological legends at a time when the nation on the Nile had been venerable for centuries; of that great western empire that rivaled the power and magnificence of all its predecessors, that mastered the world and ruled the land of the Pharaohs as a petty province, that paved the way for the great Event of all time, and whose civilizing influence upon the world makes the study of its history, language and laws far more

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profitable and instructive than those of any other country or period, however near or remote.

The plan for the day comprehends the dungeons of the Mamertine and the catacombs of San Sebastiano, two subterranean constructions of equal interest but very unequal age, the former being first heard of several hundred years before Christ, the latter dating about the first and second centuries A. D.

Rattling over the roughly paved streets, the driver at length pulls up before a weather-beaten structure, built of large blocks of pepperino, and entering a low narrow door, we find ourselves in a little dingy chapel, the principal shrine of which glitters with scores of offerings consisting of gold or silver hearts of varying sizes suited to the pocket or piety of the devotee. This is a place of peculiar sanctity, and its annual revenue greatly surpasses that of many a more pretentious house of worship.

The history of Rome, from about 50 A. D., is so inseparably interwoven with the early growth of the Christian religion, that one can with difficulty visit any part of it without hearing and generally discrediting some ecclesiastical legend concerning some of the apostolic fathers, usually the patron saint of the city; and here where one least expects it, over the deep dungeons of old pagan Rome, one is confronted with a tradition (and that by no means the most improbable), the belief in which has made the place as sacred as St. Peter's itself. But of this later.

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An attendant priest promptly addresses the guide, offering to conduct us into the dungeons. His services are accepted, and a side door admits the party into an adjoining apartment situated directly over the two caves which, hewn out one beneath the other, form the original Mamertine prison.

While the lanterns were being prepared, a glance around showed the floor to be of rock, and revealed a round hole in the centre about three feet in diameter. Originally, the only access to the dungeons below was by being lowered through this hole to the first cave, and again through a similar opening in its floor down into the one beneath.

All the countless cruelties inflicted and the agonies suffered in these horrible caverns can never be known. They are relics of a barbarous age, when human life was lightly valued, and history has preserved the names of but a few of the most prominent prisoners. Two of the most celebrated of these were Vercingetorix and Jugurtha, who had been foes worthy of the Roman steel, and deserved consideration at the hands of their conquerors, but Roman policy was not magnanimous, and the vanquished leaders were starved to death in this frightful tomb.

In a corner another opening is seen, and through this we are about to descend. It seems that later times demanded a less primitive entrance to the Mamertine than being dropped like a bucket into a well, and caused a narrow flight of steps to be hewn into the wall of each cave, and provided with corresponding

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openings at the top. And now the lanterns being lighted, the priest holds a brief conversation with the guide, who in his turn translates and informs the writer that he is now about to enter a place made forever sacred on account of having been occupied by the holy Saint Peter. This is considered quite possible, as this was the state prison of Rome, and as the disciple was surely confined in the city, this is probably the exact spot.

Preceded by the priest, whose lantern illuminates each step, we have carefully picked our way down a few stairs, when the leader stops, and elevating his light, points out a depression in the wall, and gravely narrates that when St. Peter was being conducted down this very stairway, the brutal soldier, in sheer wanton cruelty, jammed the good saint's head up against the wall, and (*mirabile dictu!*) instantly the flinty rock yielded like the softest cushion, and a life-sized intaglio of the apostle's round head and Roman nose remains there to this day to attest the miracle and rebuke the incredulous.

Duly impressed, we continue the descent and arrive in safety on the floor of the first dungeon. The lights reveal a small chamber about ten feet square, with rough hewn walls and ceiling, and through the man-hole in the latter comes a feeble ray which seems to brighten but the one spot on which it falls. The duplicate of the hole above is seen in the centre of the floor, and peering down into the lower vault nothing but utter darkness re-

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wards the endeavor. We pass on to the head of the second stairs, and in a moment more are standing in the bottom dungeon. Covering the lanterns, we learn the significance of the expression, "darkness that can be felt," and listen to the dismal drip, drip of the moisture exuding from the walls. The air is close and heavy, and the cold damp temperature sends a shiver through every nerve. One comprehends the last cry that was heard from the captive Jugurtha. As his body was lowered through the upper dungeon, and was entering the lower, as the second roof of rock closed over him, shutting out the last gleam of light, and he descended into the hideous blackness, the icy chill that swept over him caused him to cry out, "How cold are thy baths, Apollo!"

"How cold are thy baths, Apollo!"
Cried the African monarch, the splendid,
As down to his death in the hollow
Dark dungeons of Rome he descended,
Uncrowned, unthroned, unattended,
"How cold are thy baths, Apollo!"

Again availing ourselves of the lanterns, a chamber appears similar to the one above, but having a lower roof. On one side stands a heavy stone post about three feet high, enclosed in an iron cage. The belief that this is the very stone to which St. Peter was chained is so strong that this precaution had to be adopted lest it should melt away under the hammers of the irrepressible relic hunter. Near at hand is a

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convenient altar with two small candles, which were lighted up shortly after we entered, and thriftily extinguished on our departure. In this fearful pit stood Cicero while the fellow conspirators of Catiline were strangled before him, and when the consul returned to the surface and strode down the forum shouting "*Vixerunt!*" the people who could pitilessly starve a barbarian king, shuddered at the daring of a magistrate who could order the execution of Romans, although they were "tried and convicted traitors," who would have wrapped the city in sheets of flame.

In one side of the wall is a large iron door, and the guides showing no disposition to open it, the writer takes it upon himself to do so, taking advantage of a momentary negotiation between the other two. As it swings wide, a rocky corridor appears for a few feet, which vanishes in total midnight, and from it there issues a most atrocious odor. A sudden exclamation bursts from the priest, who quickly pushes the explorer aside, slams the door with a ringing clang, and pours a stream of agitated volubility into the ears of the guide. The latter then interprets this whirlwind of words into the information that the Italian government had prohibited visitors from entering that gallery in summer, because only last season an Englishman had died two days after coming out of it. Curiosity is quenched, and we climb out of that den of disease with far more haste than dignity.

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The Catacombs of San Sebastiano

Once more we are in the street with eyes blinking and watering at the sudden change from total darkness to the yellow glare of a Roman noonday, and awakening the driver who was peacefully slumbering within his carriage, we start for the Catacombs of San Sebastiano. On the road thither is one of the best examples of subterranean preservation in the whole city, and well worthy a moment's inspection.

Passing swiftly down along the forum and coming to a flight of wooden steps, we alight and descend into this theatre of so many stirring events, to an opening which shows a part of the heavy masonry of the ancient Cloaca Maxima. This old sewer is a fine specimen of sanitary engineering, even when compared with the works of the present time. It has done every-day duty ever since it was constructed, centuries before Christ; it has remained intact while buildings above it, of wonderful strength and immensity, have crumbled or been razed to the

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ground, and through its broad channel the drainage of the Rome of to-day still flows into the Tiber.

Ascending to the road the route is resumed, and leaving behind the Arch of Titus, the mighty ruins of the Colosseum, the skeleton baths of Caracalla, and passing through the gateway in the old wall, we come out upon the famous Via Appia.

This venerable highway deserves more than a passing notice. The saying, "All roads lead to Rome," was literally true, because no roads of any consequence were ever made until this resistless race constructed their many miles of durable causeways.

This was the first nation that recognized the military and commercial importance of open and permanent avenues of communication between the seat of government and its farthest frontiers. Appreciating this necessity, they started from the Forum and ran their roads in straight lines from city to city, grading the inequalities and bridging the rivers, laying their large paving blocks in a prepared road-bed of sand, gravel and cement, building with such consummate skill that the enduring masonry of the broad highways, that still serve the traveler in Italy, that still may be followed over the passes of the Alps, and which to this day may be traced even through the shires of England, proves the solidity of their construction, and how essential they were regarded by Rome for the prosecution and preservation of her conquests.

The Appian Way, along which we are now riding,

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is the oldest and best preserved of all, being the first of that great chain of roads, aggregating nearly four thousand miles, that linked the city with her tributaries. It is more than two thousand years old, having been built 312 B. C., by Appius the Censor. Originally only reaching to Capua, it was afterward extended to Brundusium, and became the principal highway from the East.

How many varying scenes have appeared upon this old road! what a history of Roman life and manners it could give! These old stones have shaken under the triumphant tramp of the legions of war; over them have trod the greatest of Rome's warriors and statesmen; through this broad avenue poured the caravans of commerce, bringing grain from the fields of the Nile, aromatics from Arabia, silks from India, carpets from Babylon, and gems from Bengal, crowding the city with the products of every clime and people, till in luxurious magnificence it challenged the world to produce its peer.

A hot, dusty ride of half an hour over this old road, so rich in classic associations, brings us to the large stone monastery which is built over the entrance to the Catacombs. Pushing open the gate in the high wall that surrounds the building we gain the courtyard, and, in response to the calls of the guide, a shaven head appears at an upper window. A moment later the large door opens, and an aged monk invites us to enter. The appearance of this old Franciscan friar is exceedingly prepossessing. The

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The Miraculous Paving Stone.

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tall, gaunt frame of an ascetic, robed in the poor habit of his order, is surmounted by a face which, crowned by the few white hairs that have escaped the tonsure, is expressive of singular sweetness and benignity, and as he welcomes us with gentle dignity and grace, one forgets the coarse cowl and the ungainly figure in his prompt recognition of unusual breeding and spirit. Following the reverend guide into the commodious chapel, we are shown the two most sacred relics it contains; the first being one of the arrows which pierced St. Sebastian, and the second a large smooth stone, upon which has been rudely carved the impression of two bare feet.

The legend connected with this latter curiosity has interest enough in itself to justify its narration, aside from the *pia fraus* which is claimed to substantiate it. It is as follows:

Soon after St. Peter's arrival in Rome, he had a second attack of faint-heartedness. He had been shut up in the dark dungeons of the Mamertine, exposed to every insult and abuse. The people were giving him daily proofs of their bitter hatred; and, as an early martyrdom stared him in the face, his courage failed him, and, escaping his guards, he fled from the city. As he was hurrying along the Appian Way, he spied a well remembered form approaching him. It was the Master. At the sight of the loving, patient face, the apostle was filled with self-reproach, and he faltered forth, "*Domine, quo vadis?*" The answer came, "*Venio Romam, iterum crucifigi.*"

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Stung by the humiliating memory of his former traitorous conduct, and overwhelmed with shame at this second cowardly desertion, Peter's bursting heart forced out the passionate cry, "No; Thou shalt not! I'll go back myself." At these words the figure vanished, leaving the print of its feet on one of the broad flat stones with which the way was paved. Turning upon his heel, the disciple resolutely returned to the city, and met his death like a man.

But we are in haste to stand among the real relics of the early church, and, following the monk, we step into an apartment having an opening in its floor somewhat similar to the entrance to the Mamertine. Once again, lantern in hand, we bid good-bye to daylight, and go down into the earth, this time by a tunnel which descends at an angle of about thirty-five degrees, with here and there a rude step where the incline is more abrupt. In a moment or two the bottom is reached, and we come out upon a long level corridor about three feet wide and seven feet high.

The monk pulls his hood over his head, a proceeding which is regarded with envy by the other two of the party from the lesser depths of their up-turned coat collars, for the air is cold and penetrating.

With the warning received in the Mamertine still ringing in his ears, the writer requests to be allowed to fumigate his own immediate vicinity while breathing this dubious atmosphere, and, permission being courteously accorded, proceeds to

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light up, comforted by the theory that one poison sometimes neutralizes another.

So many descriptions have been written of these catacombs, and information concerning them is so wide-spread, that very brief comment upon their plan of construction is necessary.

The corridor in which we are now standing is one of a net-work of similar galleries, which intersect each other and ramify upon this level in every direction. The area over which they extended became so considerable that a number of shafts were sunk, and from the bottom of these were hewn out a second series of passages resembling those above.

Again and again was this method of limiting area resorted to, and in some places the subterranean mazes are five tiers deep, the different planes communicating at various points by inclined tunnels, until in their vast extent, their devious windings and turnings, risings and descents, they became and form to-day the most bewildering and dangerous labyrinth in the world. One can easily appreciate what a refuge its intricacies must have afforded to the hunted members of the persecuted sect.

This silent city was the final resting place of over six millions of the early Christians; not only was it their burial ground, but these dark tunnels were their hiding places, chapels and schools. When one of them died, they cut his coffin into the rocky side of the narrow passage, sealed up the recess with a long

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slab of stone, and scratched the brief epitaph in the soft cement with the point of the trowel. Hundreds of years have elapsed since these inscriptions were rudely scrawled, destruction and desolation have repeatedly swept over the city above, and many a proud monument of ancient grandeur has been utterly demolished, yet these feeble scratches, the work of a moment, have been protected and preserved and are clearly legible to this day.

As we pass along the lanterns reveal these resting places, situated one above another on either side, and here and there a broken slab exposes the fast crumbling relics of mortality. Many of the niches have been opened, and the bones have been taken away by the cart-load to be enshrined in the cathedrals and churches of Europe.

A few rods further on the monk throws the light of his candle upon a tiny earthen jar which is set into the wall at the end of one of the recesses, explaining that it marked the tomb of a martyr, and that it was the custom, whenever one of the new sect suffered death on account of his religion, for his brethren to secure his body, inter it in this secret and sacred cemetery, and place a little vessel containing a few drops of the spilt blood at the head.

Many of these touching symbols appear during our dark wanderings, and one recoils as he remembers through what fearful sufferings these sturdy souls had to pass before they found rest in the silent tomb. This one may have been torn to pieces

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by the wild beasts in the arena of the old Colosseum, or been pierced by the sword of the gladiator hired to butcher him before the eyes of assembled Rome; that one may have been starved to death in some cold damp dungeon, and this smaller niche may contain the ashes of one of those heroic men who were wrapped in sheets of tar, bound to tall posts and set on fire to illuminate the gardens of Nero.

Suddenly we are no longer threading in single file a narrow tunnel whose rough sides frequently knock both elbows at once, but find ourselves standing in a large room, which has been made by hewing away the sides of the passage and increasing the height to a rounded dome. This was one of their chapels. Here they met to worship, and here the children were instructed in the faith of their parents. Part of the stone altar still remains to show where they knelt. Again the monk enters the corridor, and after some moments of rapid walking, he stops opposite a larger recess than we have yet seen, and at one end we note the small but significant earthen vase. This is the tomb of Saint Cecilia. It is open and empty, the relics having been removed to a church in the city above. Near by, in a much smaller grave, was laid her husband—fortunate man to have had such a wife, unfortunate man to be remembered but as the husband of his wife.

Proceeding on our way, we notice several intersecting corridors whose entrances have been walled

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up, and learn from the monk that they lead to parts still unexplored. They are considered misleading, and therefore dangerous, by the good brethren who have studied this maze of mole runs all their lives, and were it not for this precaution even these veteran guides might become confused while piloting some luckless traveler.

And thus we grope through gallery after gallery, passing through a long straight tunnel here, doubling a sharp corner there, turning and twisting through a net-work of short intersecting passages which seem involved in an inextricable snarl, and occasionally descending an incline only to repeat an equally perplexing series of movements. Finally, when all memory of the starting point has long since vanished in utter bewilderment, the friar announces that we have reached our limit, and asks with a smile if guide or visitor would like to lead the party back to the monastery. With a feeling that the subject is too serious for joking, all ability in that direction is hastily and humbly disclaimed, and as teeth are chattering and limbs shaking with the damp chilliness of the place, the writer urges a speedy ascent. For fully three-quarters of an hour we retrace our path through these dark windings that would puzzle even a mining engineer, rounding the angles and climbing up the inclines, till at length, after a walk of fully two miles, a welcome ray is seen at the top of the last tunnel, and once more we are above ground. We are profoundly thankful that the good guide's

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mental faculties remained intact, for had we been left to our own resources in those deep borings, it is doubtful if even the clew of Ariadne could have led us up to daylight.

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The Roman Colosseum

"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand. When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall, and when Rome falls—the world."

This prediction was not uttered when the colossal edifice stood in the height of its splendor, when it glistened with all the gifts of imperial extravagance, but it was more than seven hundred years from its foundation, after it had repeatedly been the prey of conquest, when it had many times been plundered by the northern barbarians and defaced by religious fanatics, that the naked majesty of the Flavian amphitheatre awakened the awe and admiration of a few rude Saxon pilgrims, and formulated their enthusiasm in a saying that has survived the centuries.

Lacking an Athenian Acropolis in whose rocky sides they might hew an amphitheatre, the energetic Romans piled up their own mountain and constructed this huge ellipse, which in its massive beauty and immense capacity far surpassed its

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The Roman Colosseum.

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Greek rival. Composed entirely of stone, its concave interior resembles the hollow crater of an extinct volcano. It has been subject to the caprice of every age, and has been used in different periods for theatre, fortress, market-place, church and quarry. It is

"A ruin—yet what a ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half cities, have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass
And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd."

He who allots but a single day to this mighty wreck, must move quickly, or at the close of the ten or twelve hours he will lament the superficiality of his survey. Arrived at the spot, the guide after giving warning that the day will prove a hard, hot scramble, leads the way, and a dozen times before the sun has reached the zenith, the intense heat has caused the perspiring explorer to alternately invoke the shades of his ancestors and make emphatic observations upon the climate of Rome.

The cages of the wild beasts are visited, where the heavy gates as they swung back and forth made deep furrows in the hard rock that can be seen to this day. The hall of the gladiators is pointed out, the traces of their arms-rack, and the narrow staircase by which they entered the arena; the dungeons in which criminals were confined before being consigned to the lion's maw; the chamber of the vestals, where yet remains a small portion of its once exquisite

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paving; the great reservoirs that flooded the arena and the thousand and one features of interest that abound in this classic place.

The wisdom of the architects of antiquity is strikingly displayed in their arrangement of seats. Every inch of the arena was visible to every one of the eighty-seven thousand spectators who crowded hither to be amused. The disposition of the audience according to rank was no less sagacious.

The place from which the Emperors observed the games, consists of a rectangular structure of masonry fronting immediately upon the arena. It was several feet higher than the first row of spectators and entirely isolated from the surrounding tiers that rise on either side and in the rear. Approaching the throne it is observed to consist of four thick walls, containing in the interior the remnants of a stone stairway, which leads from the upper surface down to the mouth of a small underground passage communicating with the palace of the Cæsars.

This subterranean entrance and exit for Roman royalty is one of the most curious discoveries that have been made in this ancient and imposing ruin, and is a significant commentary upon the unsettled state of society even in Rome's best days, when the rulers of the entire civilized world did not always deem it prudent to enter publicly through the surging crowds that thronged this mammoth pile, but often crept like moles from their palace on the Palatine through this dark tunnel to their throne

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in the amphitheatre, and having witnessed the games retired in the same secret manner.

To the student of history all great ruins are haunted, and he whose memory and imagination can restore to the scenes of desolation their ancient splendor, re-people these former haunts of men, now so silent and deserted, and pass in review before him the wonderful events that here took place, experiences a far keener satisfaction than he who gazes but to gratify an ephemeral curiosity or to please his taste for the picturesque.

After a day's active exploration which has led the investigator from the lowest excavations under the arena, to the topmost seats of the amphitheatre, one is glad to get rid of the chattering guide, and as the waning light announces the approach of evening, to finish the day's inspection from the throne of the Emperors. Seated upon this relic of perished power, with the deserted arena in full view, the stillness and utter solitude combined with the deepening twilight throw a spell over the spectator that banishes the impressions gained from the searching scrutiny of day; and as the soft shadows fall over the colossal fabric, concealing the melancholy marks of decay, hiding the traces of man's avarice and fanaticism, one sees only the bold outlines of the mighty mass looming up just as they appeared nearly two thousand years ago.

Then it is that imagination runs riot, annihilates the centuries of vandalism and violence, and again

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the huge structure stands forth the worthy exponent of Roman magnificence; again the rough rock slopes of this vast concave shine snowy white with overlaid marble; again the immense edifice so architecturally perfect in all its proportions, flashes with rare mosaics, carvings of amber and all the minuter beauties that adorn the palace of a prince; again it glitters with decorations of gold and silver, the brazen beaks of conquered ships, the statues of gods and of heroes, the triumphs of art and the trophies of war.

Once more it is crowded with the expectant populace, and the gaze of nearly ninety thousand is focused upon the arena. Tier behind tier, rise the regular ranks of Roman society. Close to the arena appear the white robed vestals, assigned with superstitious reverence to the choicest place; behind these gleam the jeweled robes of haughty nobles and highborn matrons; still rising come the middle class, then the motley mass of plebeians, till at last on the outer edge of this human crater, perched upon the velarium posts, the eye rests upon the lessened forms of the sailors hauling at the ropes that control the great canopy.

Now follow the sports of a Roman holiday. First the foot racers strain every nerve in their headlong rush for the far goal; the brawny boxers contend with cestus; after these come the heavy armed gladiators, commencing with wooden swords, then worked up into the heat of the fight and fur-

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nished with weapons of steel, their bright blades flash in the deadly struggle. The roar of the multitude becomes louder and louder and culminates in a long fierce shout as one goes down under the dexterous thrust of his antagonist. Under the heel of the victor, the vanquished implores the mercy of the spectators, but the infuriated mass demand the spectacle of his death and the "*pollice verso*" seals the suppliant's fate.

Now the swift chariots speed over the course, flinging the yellow sand high in the air from under their whirling wheels, and again and again in the wild excitement the very foundations seem to shake with the plaudits of the mighty throng.

A follower of an upstart sect has been doomed to die for his religion, and a sudden hush comes over that pagan assembly as an unarmed Christian walks calmly into the arena; an iron door grates on its granite socket and a famished lion leaps upon his unresisting prey.

Subsequently the sound of rushing water is heard and a broad lake appears, where a moment before was a dry expanse of sand; amphibious monsters splash about and are hunted and killed from boats. Later, two proud galleys of war, fully manned and equipped, issue from opposite sides, sweep on in full career, and grappling in mid-lake, furnish the multitude with the spectacle of a sea fight, where the crimsoned decks and loud death cries prove the stern reality of the engagement.

Thus scene follows scene in the varied programme

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till at last this wonderful exhibition comes to an end, and as the sated people depart, a cold chill starts the dreamer from his reverie, destroys in an instant the illusions of imagination, and once more he is but a modern mortal in the midst of a mighty ruin. In the gathered darkness the mountainous walls have assumed a sinister aspect, and reflecting that there are more wholesome places in the world than a Roman ruin on a dark night, he picks his way out, seeks his hotel, and arriving in safety endeavors by a little *spiritus frumenti* and generous doses of quinine to ward off all possibilities of Roman Fever.

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Two Views of Venice

With the single exception of Rome, Venice is, perhaps, the most extensively photographed city in Europe. It is a favorite subject with artists of all nations, and the magnificent pictures of her marble palaces and crystal streets, together with those wonderfully beautiful paintings of "Venice by Moonlight," that adorn the galleries of art on both sides of the Atlantic, have made the world almost as familiar with the winged lion of St. Mark as it is with the dome of St. Peter.

The singular situation of the city is probably the reason that while one expects traces of modern enterprise in other old towns, this one has ever seemed a place of the past. For years the praises of the "Bride of the Adriatic," "The Queen of the Sea," and "The City of Song," have been sung in the ears of the traveler, and now for the first time approaching the marine metropolis, with imagination teeming with the pictures of painter and poet, his heart beats faster with delighted anticipation, for before him lies the city of his dreams.

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The train from Milan, which has sped eastward for over six hours, has at length reached the shore of the Adriatic, and is soon rumbling over the successive arches of the high viaduct which stretches for more than a mile across the intervening lagoon, and finally comes to a stand in the depot opening directly upon one end of the Grand Canal.

At the foot of the wide granite steps lies the graceful fleet of long slender gondolas, with their broad steel halberds glittering in the sun, a scene so peculiar and characteristic of the place that one almost expects to meet a different race of beings, but, on a nearer approach, the brotherhood of humanity becomes strikingly apparent as he recognizes in the vociferated "Gondola! Gondola!" a marked resemblance to the "Carriage! Carriage!" of an American hackman.

After a brief encounter with the eager throng, a choice is made, and stepping aboard, the word is given, and, as the boat starts off up the Grand Canal, the traveler settles himself back on the soft leather cushions, and prepares to enjoy the Venice of his visions. To be sure the "crystal street" is rather muddy, the gondolier about as clean as a coal heaver, and everything wears the aspect of Front Street in a flood, but no one judges a city from its outskirts, and doubtless the rare beauty of this one will speedily atone for so unpromising an approach. Every push of the boatman is driving the traveler nearer and nearer the

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principal centres, but he notes with dismay that the appearance of things does not improve. The canal is crowded with clumsy craft of every description, and the water everywhere is full of traces of their traffic. The marble buildings are stained and blackened, and the grimy edifices the gondolier insists on calling palaces, do not impress with their magnificence. It is low tide, and everything seems to stand on a foundation of green slime.

Poetic conceptions vanish with a suddenness that is startling. A sharp whistle is heard, and a small steam launch that does duty as an omnibus, comes puffing down from above. Shade of Dandolo! A steamer on the Grand Canal! It seems like a profanation. Evidences of the nineteenth century abound on every hand. Telegraph wires overhead cross each other in every direction. Polyglot signs announcing all sorts of trades and professions glare down from each side, and high upon a wall of departed grandeur a flaming poster proclaims the excellences of a Yankee sewing machine.

The Ponte di Rialto is neared, and with reviving memories of Shylock and the Merchant of Venice, the new arrival makes one last effort to enjoy in this really fine marble span of seventy-four feet, one, at least, of the famous relics of former splendor; but alas, for the anticipated pleasure! On a closer approach a most atrocious odor assails the nostrils, drowning every thought in one overwhelming disgust; and as the gondola is darted around a sharp

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corner into a narrower and still dirtier canal, patience becomes exhausted, and Venice is pronounced a wretched hole, and the silly sentimentalists who have babbled about its beauties are voted arrant frauds. At length, after wriggling through a labyrinth of liquid alley-ways, having narrowly escaped being swamped by a huge canal boat, and been well nigh deafened by the mutual compliments which the boatmen shriek at each other in melodious Italian, the visitor arrives at his hotel, convinced that the sooner he can get out of Venice the less strong language he will have to answer for.

But there are few vexations that can diminish a healthy appetite, and even a Venetian dinner table is a solace of irresistible power. So, an hour later, when he strolls out into the piazza of San Marco, where is concentrated nearly all the surviving architectural beauty of the place, as he wanders through the frescoed halls in the Palace of the Doges, and views its treasures of art from Greece and Rome, the accumulated spoil of ancient wars, penetrates into its dismal dungeons and peers out through the interlaced bars of the *Ponte dei Sospiri*, he forgets the chagrin of the arrival, and deems the visit not altogether in vain.

Leaving the palace, and turning toward the cathedral, he passes beneath the bronze horses that guard its southern portal, and stands beneath the beautiful dome. In this church, according to tradition, repose the relics of Saint Mark,

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brought here by the early citizens to hallow the edifice they had built. A magnificent mausoleum they made it, enriching it with the rarest marbles, some of which are wonderfully translucent, and covering the entire interior from pavement to arched ceiling with gorgeous mosaics, lavishing upon the structure all that Eastern extravagance of decoration which characterizes the Byzantine school.

The sea baths of the Lido have a historical celebrity, and the heat of the afternoon renders the thought of a swim in the surf peculiarly alluring, so getting into a gondola, the city is soon left behind, and after a half hour's ride across the bay, the northern channel is reached and the landing made at the pier. A short walk across a low sandy neck that shuts in the harbor, brings one to the outside shore, which is washed by the unobstructed waves of the sea.

Here is one of the finest bathing establishments in the world. It is built on piles, and stands half in and half out of the water, thus monopolizing the entire water line of a small but excellent beach, and proving that the Venetians do not appreciate the luxury of the sand bath. There is little or no surf, but the bottom is fine and the water of a truly southern temperature. The centre of the building contains a balcony commanding the bathing ground, a band stand and a restaurant. The northern wing is set apart for ladies and the southern for gentlemen; nor do men and women bathe together, but are restricted to the water fronts of their respective quarters.

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Old Ocean never disappoints, never shows signs of age, but to him who loves it is the same friend all over the world, and rolling about in the gentle swell and reveling in perfect comfort, this is counted the happiest experience of the day.

But meantime night has come on, and refreshed by the tumble in the warm Adriatic, the bather returns to the pier where the boat was left, and seating himself, is now gliding back to the city on the flood tide that has followed the rising full moon. All noise is hushed save the musical ripple which laughs about the prow as the gondolier swiftly drives the long graceful craft through the gathering shadows. The southern sky is brilliant with its sparkling millions which are mirrored in the motionless water. The air is fresh with "the odor of brine from the ocean," the almost imperceptible motion of the boat is poetry itself, disappointments and griefs are forgotten, and the occupant, surrendering himself to the charm, watches in calm content the lights of the city that flash in the distance.

A quarter of an hour's advance brings the gondola among the shipping at anchor in front of the city, and when at last it is shot suddenly from under the stern of a huge Egyptian steamer, an exclamation of astonishment bursts from the lips as a spectacle of enchanting beauty comes into view. The Piazza of St. Mark is ablaze with hundreds of glittering jets of flame, which bathe the whole area in their rich, warm light. The Gothic façade of the

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Ducal Palace shines out in all its wealth of sculptured marble, on the left gleams the double colonnade of the Royal Library, between them the columns of the Lion and St. Theodosius stand like two colossal sentinels, and in the background the tall campanile and the rounded domes of the old cathedral rise distinct and clear in the soft rays of the moon. Every trace of decay has vanished; the entire square flashing and glittering with light presents a picture of oriental splendor, and when music comes floating over the water, adding the charm of its harmony to the scene, the spell is complete, and the visitor seeks his hotel, as delighted with Venice by moonlight as he was disgusted with it by daylight.

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Baden-Baden

A little more than half-way between Heidelberg and Strasbourg, at the terminus of a short branch railway, lies one of the most celebrated watering-places in Europe. Situated on the border of the Black Forest, within a ten-minutes walk of its dark recesses; surrounded by hills of romantic wildness, the prelude to the grander Alps; abounding in mineral springs that have bubbled and gushed from the earth and been celebrated since the time of Aurelius, some of which still spout their medicinal waters from masonry of Roman construction, the site of the city of Baden-Baden possesses attractions that for centuries have lured alike the lover of the picturesque and the seeker of health.

To these natural advantages man has added every beauty of art and architecture. Broad avenues lined with stately trees, shady walks, beautiful parks, and handsome dwellings meet the eye on every hand and elicit the heartiest admiration. Years ago this charming spot was one of the most disreputable places on the Continent. It swarmed

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with blacklegs and criminals of all classes, who were drawn here by the gaming tables. One of the most palatial buildings in the city was for years its greatest curse. This "Conversationshaus," which contained the rouge et noir and roulette tables, was let out by the Government to private corporations, who paid a yearly sum of about $155,000 for the gambling monopoly. Some idea of the wisdom of the players can thus be had when it is seen that they risked their stakes in a game where the chances had to be expressly arranged that the public must inevitably lose $155,000 per season besides all the running expenses and profits of the establishment.

And yet just as today at Monte Carlo, men and women thronged to the tables and lost millions, and such havoc was wrought that at one time the managers of the banks used to have the surrounding groves searched every morning for suicides, so common had self-destruction become with the unfortunate dupes who had lost everything but life, and would not have that. At length the Government, seeing that the city was rapidly losing all respectability, closed up the gaming-houses, since which time the character of Baden-Baden society has steadily improved.

To the traveler the chief attraction here is the Neue Schloss or new castle. The *old* castle is an imposing ruin, and was the earliest residence of the ancestors of the present Grand Duke. It was built nearly a thousand years ago, away up on the

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height to the northwest of the city, and was the home of the family until 1471, when the "new" castle was founded. The interest in this building does not centre in its spacious apartments, which are magnificent and luxurious, but in the dungeons that lie at its foundations. Comparatively modern as it is, it dates back to the era of secret tribunals, with their accompanying racks, thumb-screws, and other shameful tortures.

After we had been shown through the upper parts of the castle the castellan procured lanterns and led the way across the quadrangle to the passage communicating with the dungeons. Originally the only access to these vaults was through a cylindrical shaft that pierces the structure "from turret to foundation-stone," but the stair down which the visitor is taken is a modern construction cut through from the court-yard. Cautiously following the guide down the narrow corridor, excavated out of the solid rock, we come at length to the shaft, and, peering up the huge chimney, far away at the top is seen a faint glimmer of daylight. All around is black as Erebus. The damp cold of these rocky cells chills us through and familiar voices sound hollow and unnatural.

But if it seemed dark and dismal to us, how like a living tomb must it have seemed to the unfortunate captive who, blindfolded and bound hand and foot, was let down by a windlass into this subterranean prison! Close by the mouth

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of the shaft is the outer dungeon, where the victim was confined before his trial. A few yards further on the corridor turns a sharp angle to the right and apparently comes to an end; the guide puts his shoulder against the opposing wall, throws his weight upon it, and slowly it begins to yield to the pressure. It is a huge door, consisting of a solid stone slab, a foot thick and weighing a full ton, and pivoted so skillfully as to be turned with comparative ease. This opens into the Rack Chamber, and on entrance it is seen to be a small excavation of considerable height. In the wall to the right of the door is a row of iron rings, all that remains of the fearful instruments of torture that once stood here.

How these solid walls must have reverberated with shrieks of agony as some poor prisoner was having a conspiracy or state secret tortured out of him. No wonder they made the only door a foot thick, for far above in those palatial halls were gentle ladies, playing with pretty children, dancing, singing, perhaps praying, and their world of bliss must not be mingled with this world of pain. Songs of love and the music of ringing laughter accord ill with cries of agony and groans of despair, and such a discord must be made impossible, and it *was*. Above, below and on all sides is the elemental, solid rock. No sound could ever penetrate these entombing walls.

Opening out of this chamber is the largest vault of all, which was the Hall of Judgment. Here sat

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the Judges, deliberating how many more wrenches and dislocations the prisoner's anatomy would stand, whether they could get any more information out of him, or whether his crimes or his obstinacy merited death. No wonder they got under ground to perpetrate these atrocities; daylight would shame the arch fiend himself out of them. If the sentence of death was passed, the doomed man was led from the inner dungeon to the entrance of a short corridor opening out of the torture-chamber, and promised life and liberty if he would kiss an image of the Virgin placed at the opposite end. He never reached it; a trap-door opened at the touch of his foot, and he fell headlong down a shaft 150 feet deep, at the foot and sides of which were set knives that ended all suffering.

We came up. Away up on the height a storm had gathered about the ruined castle and seemed frowning down on the new, that had been no improvement upon the record of the old, and the thunder as it rumbled over the roofless ruin sounded like the wild curses of those poor unfortunates whose lives had here been tortured out of them by such fearful sufferings.

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The Romance of the Rhine Valley Ruined

Till within the last generation the Rhine was the Rhine of story and song, the Rhine of Goethe and Byron, the place of all others in all Europe rich in the most bewitching legends of nymph and gnome, of dragon and goblin, of elves and dwarfs. Every vine-clad hill had its own especial tradition of crusader or pilgrim, of plots of the devil and their triumphant frustration, and about every ruin clung some tale of robber baron and injured maiden, of Barbarossa or Charlemagne.

But to-day all is changed. The legendary has been ousted by the practical and commonplace. The impalpable mist of fairy lore, the delicate atmosphere of sprite and kelpie, cannot exist side by side with the all-pervasive evidences of modern factories and modern enterprise. Brickyards and breweries in full blast do not mix with ivied tower and crumbling wall, and the traveler whose head is full of knights and dungeons, minstrels and banquet

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halls is apt to feel well buncoed at the close of the day's trip from Cologne to Mayence.

We Americans are not the only destroyers of sentiment in this world. We may blow up our Palisades for paving stones; we may turn majestic Niagara into a huge power plant, but we are not alone in our iconoclasm. The same ruthless march of progress—the same inexorable utilitarianism—has turned the beautiful Rhine valley into a bustling, crowded artery of commerce.

"The castled crag of Drachenfels" still "frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine," but it looks down upon a smoky, noisy highway of trade—covered with crowded steamers, with flotillas of huge coal barges towed up and down by puffing, snorting tugs, belching clouds of black smoke, which, combined with that from the railways upon either bank, and that from dozens of tall chimneys of the many industrial plants that line the banks from Cologne to Mayence, produce an atmosphere that recalls the former days of Pittsburg and Cincinnati.

The rocky headland of the Lorelei is pierced by a railway tunnel and the siren's song is replaced by the scream of the locomotive and the roar of the train as it rushes through its base. Busy mercantile Germany has taken no pains to preserve the memories of the elf-haunted stream. There is no suggestion of Lohengrin's fairy boat and white swan in the grimy tugs, with their mimic battleship prows, slowly dragging along the great hulks bearing such suggestive

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names as "Industrie" and "Succes." This is the whole story. National success is not won by dreaming over its fairy tales and folk lore, and a small territory demands that its principal waterway shall be dedicated to trade instead of tradition.

It is impossible not to admire the industrial progress of Germany during the past twenty years, but this does not make it any easier to read with patience the enterprising advertisements of a Breakfast food upon a sunny vine-clad slope, nor to view the venerable towers through the reek of things being "made in Germany."

The rising generation should be warned that if one is seeking industrial data, a journey along the Rhine may be profitable and instructive, but if a mental picture has been formed of this locality by music and poem, by picture and song,—take a trip to the river front of Manayunk instead—the disappointment won't be any greater and it isn't so far.

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A Week's Shoot in Oudh

When the Sepoy Rebellion broke out in India in 1857, there was a certain Rajah of the Punjab who remained true to the English.

While the natives all over the land were hunting down and murdering white men, women and children, this Indian prince gave asylum to all English people within his borders, protected them from their enemies, and as chance served, sent them under an armed escort to the nearest stronghold of their friends.

After quelling the mutiny, the British Government rewarded his loyalty by bestowing upon him a rich principality in Oudh which doubled his wealth and importance.

The friendly Rajah was in due time gathered to his fathers, leaving a minor son as heir to his title and estates.

It is the policy of the Indian Civil Service to place all minor native rulers under the care of English tutors, that they may be carefully taught and prepared for the duties of an enlightened administration, so the grandson of the loyal Rajah was placed in

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The Rajah in the State Entry, Delhi Durbar.

Mahout. DICK The Huzur.

On the Elephant Pad Returning from the Hunt.

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charge of a young Englishman whom his friends knew as Lucri Sahib, his name in Urdu.

So eminently was he fitted for his duties, and so thoroughly did he win the confidence and regard of his young charge, that when the minority was ended and the Rajah was invested with his full authority and state, he said to his teacher and friend, "I have enough to do to take care of my affairs here in the Punjab, do you go down and be for me, Rajah in Oudh."

For nearly thirty years has this faithful friend of his boyhood managed the prince's Eastern estates with never a moment's cessation of that mutual respect and esteem which began in the days of tutor and pupil.

When the Durbar was held at Delhi in 1903, each native ruler was assigned a place for his camp. Here he sent his greatest treasures, made his temporary quarters a marvel of comfort and splendor, and welcomed accredited visitors with lavish hospitality.

It was here, while he was superintending the establishment of his Rajah's camp, that we made the acquaintance of Lucri Sahib and founded a lifelong friendship.

When the Durbar was over, he invited us to a week's shoot at his headquarters up near the Southern edge of Nepal. "I am sorry," said he, "that I can't promise you a tiger. They are very scarce in my district and I have not seen one for over a year;

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but there are plenty of birds, nylghai, deer, pig and panther, so we shall have plenty of sport."

We were glad to accept, and a few weeks later, we left Lucknow one cool morning en route to our friend's home.

A short journey to the terminus of the railroad brings us to Balrampur, where we find three elephants waiting for our luggage and servants, and a huge, eight-seated, four-horsed carriage for ourselves. A dak had been laid, and we were driven swiftly over a fine road to the North which gave us frequent views across Nepal, of Kinchinjunga and its associate peaks, the great white Himalayan wall that marks the Southern boundary of Thibet.

Pausing only for the relays, we are whirled along through fertile fields, bits of jungle, a village or two, and late in the afternoon, at the end of a broad avenue we draw up before a stately mansion and are immediately surrounded by white-turbaned servants who conduct us at once to our hostess. She tells us that Lucri Sahib is out stalking a panther that had been prowling about the vicinity.

When one of these animals is known to be about, a kid is taken out into the jungle, tied to a bush and left for the night. The leopard or tiger kills it, devours as much as he wants, and invariably returns the following night to make a second meal. Meantime the hunter has lashed a mechan in the branches of a near-by tree, is waiting for him in comfort and silence and neatly pots him when he arrives. Our

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host was out in the jungle sitting up over such a kill when we arrived at dusk.

Directly a shot is heard, and in about half an hour we hear a shout, and going out to the front of the house we meet our host followed by his shikarees bearing a huge young tigress, beautifully coated, and still warm.

"O, ho!" we said "so there are no tigers in this district?" The Huzur smiled and replied: "Well, I don't think there are any *now*. I am sorry you were not with me. I would so liked you to have shot her." We echoed the wish—a tiger more or less was nothing to his long record of kills, while an American would have treasured the skin and head for the rest of his life.

The following morning we went snipe shooting in the adjacent paddy fields, and after wading for hours ankle deep in water and getting a fair bag we arrived where an elephant was waiting for us, got into dry shoes and socks to avoid fever, and were carried swiftly back to lunch. These hunting elephants are chosen, among other qualities, for their swift walking. The gait is easy and the huge creatures lunge along as fast as the smart trot of a horse.

In the afternoon three elephants bore the party a few miles into the jungle where there were flocks of wild pigeons roosting in the trees—we were directed to get enough for a large pie and were not long in doing it, then home through the jungle, dim in the waning light and overarching vegetation, to dinner,

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amid European furnishings and surroundings that made one think himself in an English country house at a week-end party. This in the depths of an Indian jungle, where the wild folk of the forest ranged about our doors at night and sometimes awakened us with their cries.

The second morning, mounted upon horses, our host took us to where he had killed the tigress and pointed out the splash of blood upon a tree against which she had hurled herself in her dying flurry. We continued on to a handsome masonry bridge of three wide arches built by the Huzur over a branch of the Rapti River.

Lucri Sahib is certainly a universal genius; not only is he the administrator of government over a province larger than the State of Rhode Island, but he is chief engineer and architect of all its public works, chief justice, superintendent of its schools, head manager of the hospital, instructor in agriculture, forestry, and sanitation. When a famine comes by failure of crops, upon his wide shoulders falls the tremendous task of feeding thousands of natives. The health and prosperity of the entire district is his sole responsibility; he oversees the collection of taxes and accounts to the Rajah for all revenues—sees that the villagers are not overburdened, and the natives think him very near to the gods.

Back again to the house the host leads to the gun room and distributes the rifles. I sighed for a good Winchester, for mine was double-barreled like a shot-

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The Flying Game.

The Beaters Closing in on the Maidan.

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gun and I made some disgraceful shots till I got used to it. The elephants had been sent off earlier with the lunch and we followed in tum-tums. About five miles into the jungle we came upon them kneeling on the edge of an open maidan or plain, and mounting them, stepped from the pad on to our machans. The machan is made by lashing the frame of the native string bed in the branches of a tree so as to make a level platform where one can sit in comfort and command the open glade before him.

Concealed in the foliage we await the coming of the game. Soon, afar off, we heard the shouts and din of the beaters, about five hundred of whom had been strung out in an immense half circle and were simultaneously closing in, shouting and rattling stones in tin cans, sweeping all the wild things before them so that in their flight they should rush past the guns in the trees.

A herd of deer breaks cover, the rifles crack, and two are bowled over; a pair of nylghai fly past, and one drops; more deer, a huge boar, some fine stags, more pigs and jackals, and we take our toll of the racing game. The shikarees rush from their cover with ready knives, and the long fringe of beaters appearing, the shoot is over for the day.

For three days at three different points were the jungle folk driven in front of us. The bag of the first day was three stags, one nylghai, and two pigs. That of the second day two nylghai, four pigs, and

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three stags. That of the third day was five stags, three pigs, one leopard, and one jackal.

Never was there such a paradise for children. The native Indian is fond of small folks, and the younger members of the family were taken up and down the avenues by the grinning mahouts, who delighted in making their huge tuskers kneel to take the children for a ride, and when the ankus was placed in a small hand and the docile mountain responded to an order, the youngster grew pale with delight. Two little high-born chaps were especially attentive to the youngest of the family, bringing up their company of native boys and putting them through a most creditable drill, joining in the elephant rides and romps of all sorts, and forcing pretty presents upon their new acquaintance at parting.

One evening the Headman of the nearest village gave a celebration in honor of the birth of a son, and the Huzur and his guests were begged to attend. We were received with great ceremony, were conducted through a lane of salaaming, turbaned natives, over a crimson carpet, to the seats of honor in the largest apartment, and immediately the Nautch dance began. During its progress, the happy father and host pressed upon us native sweets and betel-nut. The latter is very agreeable to the taste, but as in the case of blueberry pie, it paints one up in a somewhat startling manner, for the resultant color is a brilliant red. We passed to the tea-room, where garlands of

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Dick and His Friends.

Rides about the House.

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flowers and tinsel were thrown about our necks by pretty maidens, and we were kept busy refusing sweets and liquids of every description till we passed out to view some excellent fireworks of native manufacture.

Upon the morning of our departure, a company of acrobats, jugglers and contortionists entertained us upon the lawn. Here also we sat in state upon a dais backed by a row of chairs containing the village dignitaries, among whom there was more than one row as to precedence, and all about crowded some two hundred quiet, respectful natives. The tricks were surprisingly good, some of them, upon the bare ground and with no accessories or apparatus of any kind, being mystifying to a degree.

The elephants with the servants and luggage had left at dawn, and the time had come to bid farewell to Lucri Sahib and his charming wife, who had given us the most pleasurable and wonderful week of our lives.

As scenes and experiences in the East are remembered, I find that the most frequent and interesting picture that arises is not the Delhi Durbar, that magnificent pageant, which in gorgeous Oriental splendor rivaled in reality the fables of the Arabian Nights; not Agra with its Jasmine Tower and marvelous Taj; not Jeypur with its deserted city and machicolated wall; not Benares with its crumbling temples and swarming devotees; not Rangoon with its golden pagoda, nor Mandalay with its curious

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palace of infamous history, but the picture of an upright, vigorous, Anglo-Saxon Englishman, the trusted minister of an enlightened native prince, administering the complicated duties of his office in conscientious, unassuming efficiency, bringing Occidental thrift, energy and incorruptibility to lead and rule, in an almost paternal manner, the natives under his charge; standing by them in fiery heat, through flood, pestilence and famine, and rewarded with a love, respect and admiration it is seldom given man to inspire.

Before going to India, I had read and heard considerable about the mercenary commercialism which governed English policy in the East. Over five months in India and much association with the officers of both the military and civil list resulted in sincere admiration for the personnel of both branches of the service. They are men whose governing instinct is the strict performance of duty; they have a stoic indifference to sun-stroke, fever, cholera and plague. With no fanfare of sentiment and sympathy, they have taken up the "White Man's Burden." They have made life and property secure, prevented oppression, abolished suttee, guarded the public health and are giving their charges as large a voice in the government as they are fitted for.

Like all virile characters, they must have their occasional growl, but in almost every case you find underneath, stern and unflinching loyalty to the

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government. As an illustration read these verses that I picked up in Agra:

A SONG OF INDIA

Across the bend of the Eastern seas
Lies a land of plains and tropical trees,
A land of mountains and sand-bound rivers,
Where the sun god's face forever mirrors;
A mystical country, Crown of the East,
With Hindu temple and Musalman feast—
The Poet's India.

Fruitful of heroes the land has been;
Both known and nameless have filled the scene.
In battle and murder, revolt and death,
Watered with blood is her parched-up earth;
And brave men fallen in fight upon her
Have turned her breast to a bed of honor—
The Soldier's India.

And far away on the Simla Hills,
Borne on the bosom of snow-sprung rills,
A sound of laughter and music and mirth,
And giving in marriage the daughters of earth.
The dangers and griefs of the toilers below
Are forgotten, so high on the edge of the snow—
In the Idler's India.

A land of delusive hopes and death,
Of disappointment and wasted breath;
Where he slaves through the heat of the long day's burden
To follow old heroes and gains no guerdon;
Where he gives his life in the vain attempt
To make his work like the thing he dreamt—
The Young Man's India.

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A land that he needs must leave at last
When he's quite lost touch with his English past.
For a pension, if haply he lives to the giving,
He barters, poor devil, the gladness of living.
And if he has honors, he finds at life's close
That nobody cares and nobody knows
Of the Old Man's India.

A land that we've conquered and have to hold,
Though it cost us a million of lives and gold.
Shall we call her the jewel of England's fame
Or hurl our curse at her vampire name?
But whether we bless her, or damn or deride her,
We are bound by our honor to stand fast beside her—
The Empire's India.

L. L. M.

America has taken up her share of the White Man's Burden, and as India, from Madras to Calcutta, remembers Clive the conqueror and administrator, so will the fame of Taft the pacificator and statesman be cherished by Manila, Havana and Panama.

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